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CERVANTES AND ST. AUGUSTINE

By

ANN LIVERMORE

SINCE St. Augustine's *City of God* and Cervantes' *Don Quixote* are two of the most widely read of all the works our western world has produced, it is curious that their basic resemblances seem never to have been commented on. Both are concerned with dualistic experience and the obstinate upholding of old ways against the new, the pagan spirit against the Christian.

Because of the failure to find a key to the novel's hidden meaning, the success of *Don Quixote* has sometimes been attributed to that kind of lucky chance which now and then lifts creative effort beyond its normal achievement. Direct confrontation of both texts, however, shows that far from being a novel of haphazard adventures, *Don Quixote* is a masterpiece of contrivance and one of the most intricate creations of the Renaissance, driven by a moral purpose, as befitted Tridentine years, and enlivened by a comic realism on Sancho's level of experience, which illustrates the saint's double purpose with a subtle wit hitherto never comprehended at its real worth.

The novel, it will be shown, is an almost undeviating articulation of the *City of God*, with significant references to the *Confessions*; and even Cervantes' works such as *El Colóquio de los Perros*, *El Licenciado Vidriera* and *Persiles y Segismunda* have undeniable resemblances to St. Augustine's commentaries.

It is generally agreed that after his first abortive adventures *Don Quixote* returned home, *pour mieux sauter*, and that at this point Cervantes took a more serious view of his hero's aims and gave a new turn to events.¹ It is at this point that Cervantes began his contemporary allegory on the *City of God*. Even the style may have been influenced by the saint, whose *Christian Doctrine* is

¹ Menendez Pidal showed that the first chapters were a gloss on a skit of old ballads, the *Entremes de los Romances*.

concerned with those rhetorical forms deliberately used in the novel. The temperate, eloquent, ironical, ambiguous and mixed manner, even those recapitulatory devices are used by both authors in similar situations. The section on the majestic style illuminates the knight's most painful adventures, for the saint tells how he triumphed over two rival villages who fought an annual stoning battle by deliberately preaching to them in this majestic style. It seems not to have been noticed that Cervantes uses this stoning theme for frequent variation, since, when the knight is stoned, this follows, with one exception, on his attempts to preach in the majestic manner. St. Augustine's words associating this style with the heated mental emotion of going into battle recall the knight's similar excitement.

The essential quixotism is first seen in the encounter with the windmills, and a larger, though undefined, symbolism has been tacitly associated with this. The saint's famous attack on the classical theory of cyclic existence, which he saw as inimical to the Christian faith, offers a clue to its purpose.

This controversy over the cyclic beginnings of things would rage with the same fury *then as now*, . . . because the coming and passing ages revolve as on a wheel. . . . Nor does the phrase "The wicked walk round about" mean that life will repeatedly recur in cycle after cycle, but that *here and now* the way of their errors . . . goes around in circles. . . . By such arguments do the pagans try to turn us from the straight path of simple faith and keep us walking around them in circles. Even if reason could not refute them faith should laugh at them. But it so happens, that, with the help of the Lord our God, clear reasoning breaks the revolving wheels that sophistry makes.¹

Chapter 20 continues the same attack:

Once we have seen how shallow and illusory these cyclic theories are, there is no need to reject the fact that the human race has a beginning in time, merely because some imaginary gyrations are said to make it impossible for anything new to happen.

Paraphrasing the saint's words, the knight attacks the gyrating

¹ Book XII, chapters 13 and 14, 19 and 20. The quotations in this article are based on the American edition of *The City of God*, translated by Fr. Walsh (Catholic University of America, Washington), except for the quotations from Books I to III in the Loeb edition.

wheels. "It is a great service to God to wipe such a wicked brood from the face of the earth."

The farmer beating the boy Andrés swears that he will increase his "payment" in order to show his "lovingkindness" when Don Quixote reproves him, thus illustrating the saint's Book I, chapter 7: "I will visit their transgressions with the rod, and their sins with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not utterly take from them." Note that Andrés' reappearance later matches the second use of this theme in Book I, chapter 8, "On the advantages and disadvantages which often afflict the good and evil alike."

The meeting with the Yanguesans resembles Book IV, chapter 13: "Concerning those who assert that only rational animals are parts of one God." Rocinante's sudden desire to sport with the mares illustrates the words:

Concerning the rational animal himself . . . what more unhappy belief can be entertained than that a part of God is whipped when a boy is whipped? And who, unless he is quite mad, could bear the thought that parts of God can become lascivious, iniquitous, impious and altogether damnable? . . . But if they contend that only rational animals, such as men, are parts of God, I do not really see how, if the whole world is God, they can separate beasts from being parts of him.¹

Rocinante is beaten for lasciviousness. There is no majestic style here, hence no stonings of the knight and squire, but beatings both for men and beast, to show the saint's moral that all are subject to the same laws.

The encounter with the funeral procession by night tallies with Book I, chapter 11: "On the burial of men's bodies and that Christians lose nothing if burial be denied," whose opening question is: "What about the fact that when so many were slaughtered the corpses could not even be buried?"

The burning of Don Quixote's books seems to be a gloss on Book VII, chapter 34, wherein the burning of Numa Pompilius's magic books, gathered together "by some illicit curiosity," is described. Observe that some of these were spared, like Don Quixote's, for the senate in some cases "had to share the ideas of Numa." Also Numa was chiefly concerned with hydromancy, and the saint's joke on "the sprinkling of falsehoods" "that can turn history to fables" was used by Cervantes, who lets the

¹ See also chapter 12.

housekeeper bring holy water, asking the priest to sprinkle the room against the magic contained in the books. The saving of Montemayor's *Diana*, when that part about the witch Felicia and the enchanted water is excised, parallels the saint's reference to feminine witchery. Cervantes contrives that other works are to be "thrown out and deposited in a *dry well*," thus equalling Augustine in humour. His last words are, "And so in them was fulfilled the saying that the saint sometimes pays for the sinner."

The meeting with the goatherds expresses nostalgia for the golden age like Tully's lament for the Roman Commonwealth in Book II, chapter 21; and the knight's handling the dried acorns accords with:

Our own generation inherited the republic, an exquisite masterpiece, indeed, though faded with age; but it failed to restore its original colours. . . . What is there left of the ancient virtue? . . . for want of men the good old customs have been lost.

Both authors stress the importance of justice here; both evoke music, and the singing boy is praised for being able to write and read, paralleling Augustine's passages from Scipio and his literary friend, Philus.

Here it may be observed that Cervantes had Augustinian authority for not always following him chronologically, as in Book XVI, chapter 15, the saint writes:

However, we need not suppose that the sequence of the narrative corresponds to the chronology of the events. Else, we shall be faced with an insoluble problem.

"All we like sheep have gone astray" may seem too obvious a text for the encounter with the flocks of sheep, yet Augustine himself calls this an easy, obvious text.¹ Before this, his account of being wounded and bruised for our sins recalls the knight's plight, and his gloss on "he shall not open his mouth" is glossed again by Cervantes in his hero's shattered jaws and loss of teeth. Moreover, the saint's "upon my servants will I pour my spirit" conclusion² also ends the knight's upheaval of his magic elixir and the fix of his dis comforted servant. Another liquid parallel involving Sancho is in Book I, chapter 3, with the tale from Horace, retold by Sancho in the taste of leather and metal in a cask where an old key had lain.

¹ In Book XVIII, chapters 29 and 30. See also Psalm 44.

² Chapter 30.

In concluding Book XII, in which he deals with the cyclic theories, St. Augustine's condemnation of Platonic theories of punishment and reincarnation in chapter 26 may be the source of the adventure with the chained-gang prisoners. The knight's enquiry and attack on the guards resemble the saint's insistence that these false ideas are "the forgers of our fetters and prison bars, not our creators, but our incarcerators, who weigh us down with chains in wretched prisons." All this part should be noted, down to the lines:

Ever on the lookout for something to tilt at in Christian doctrine, they violently assail our belief in the immortality of the body, pretending to see a contradiction in our double desire for the happiness of the soul and its permanence in a body to which, they imagine, it is bound by a chain of grief.

Gines Pasamonte's reappearances, accompanied by guilt, and significantly by animal forms, ape and ass, "he has been here before," hint at reincarnatory punishment, as in his "disguise" with the puppet-show and the ass; note also the Epicurean scholar, and a reference to Book V, chapter 1, and the pride of these sinners, like the saint's Platonists, in belonging to "a coterie so exclusive." Don Quixote, like the saint, reasons first with the guards and then demonstrates that Heaven has sent him to set the imprisoned free.¹

His argument against suicide,² seems basically that of Cervantes in the death of Chrysostom. He also discusses curiously the situation of women in difficulties due to men's deception and wrong.³ Dorotea, in the same part of the novel, is in the same dilemma.

But here we find ourselves forced by certain difficulties into a strait between modesty and logic, not that our faith or religion or chastity is itself in any strait, but rather the course of our argument.⁴

The assuming of the title Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance and the penitence in the Sierra Morena parallel Book XIV, chapters 8 and 9, from which one quotation must suffice here:

Seeing that the same letter did for a while make you sorry, now I am glad; not because you were made sorry but because your sorrow led you to repentance. . . . For behold, the very fact that

¹ See Augustine's treatise *Free Will* also.

² Book I, chapter 22.

³ Book I, chapter 27.

⁴ Book I, chapters 15-18.

you were made sorry according to God, what earnestness it has wrought in you.

Perhaps the letter to Dulcinea had its beginning here, also. Note how this penitence in Book XIV, chapter 8, precedes the account of mental perturbation in chapter 9, which may parallel Cardenio's condition.

Even *The Foolish Curiosity* story, often thought to be superfluous, has a place in the whole scheme when it is compared with the saint's account of

the not uncommon miseries of our human life in mistaking, by a misunderstanding close to madness, enemies for friends, and friends for enemies. The hardest thing is to swallow our fear that they may fail us in faithfulness, turn to hate us and work us harm . . . then the fire of pain is whipped to such a blazing in our hearts as none can guess who has not felt the smart. Indeed, we would rather hear that our friends were dead.

All this is based on, "And a man's enemies shall be those of his own household."¹

Similarly, the involved relations between Ferdinand, Cardenio, Dorotea and Luscinda may originate in Augustine's account of perverse love and good and bad angels.²

Take the case of two men whose physical and mental nature is the same. They are both attracted by the exterior beauty of the same person. While gazing at this loveliness, the one is moved by an illicit desire, the other remains firm in his first purity of will.

Note that the sequences of both tales may be traced to Book XII, see chapters 6-15, and compare with Cervantes' putting two long tales so close together, usually supposed to be a serious fault in his narrative.

Discussions of demonic powers are frequent in the novel as they are in the *City of God*: Book II, chapter 26 is headed: "Whether the demons gave moral instruction in secret while in their sacrifices wickedness was openly taught." This chapter may be the starting-point for the adventure at the inn and the knight's temptation in the inner chamber followed by the general hubbub to witness the enchantments by "pestilent spirits." Maritornes and the carrier are instruments to fulfil this whole section from the words "For so great is the force of probity and chastity" down to

¹ See Book XIX, chapter 5.

² Book XII, chapter 6.

"in fact, all the requirements of obscenity were fulfilled." Also curious is the saint's information that certain innkeepers' wives had traditional powers of enchantment over carriers and their beasts.¹ In fact, Cervantes omits mention of innkeepers' wives in other inn scenes where no sorcery takes place, and confines enchantment to this inn, where the host's wife is carefully described.

Sancho's blanket-tossing seems also to bear a heavier interpretation than has been supposed if the saint's Book XIV, chapter 13, is consulted. This deals with pride and the fall from grace. Sancho has shown over-much pride by refusing to pay his score, in imitation of his master. So he suffers from "that kind of a loftiness which makes the heart sink lower," illustrating, like the saint, the text, "When they were lifting themselves up thou hast cast them down." The rogues also fulfil the text by taking their sport with Sancho in the yard, where they may cast him up to heaven under the open sky.

The battle with the Basque may begin from Book I, chapter 9: "That the saints lose nothing when they are deprived of temporal goods." Both priests are thus accounted for, the one who stayed and was nearly stripped by Sancho, who believed, "thus, as a good servant, he counted as great abundance the will of his Lord itself, in attendance on which his soul should grow rich," and that other priest who "had migrated to a region whither the enemy could not possibly come."

The choleric Basque illustrates "a soft answer turneth away wrath" when he snatches a cushion as well as "but grievous words stir up anger" and the text in the saint's Book IV, chapter 3, "For of whom any man is overcome, to the same he is also the bond-slave." The knight's justification of his attack concurs with Book I, chapter 20, headed "What cases of homicide are excepted from the charge of murder?" following the last lines of chapter 19, "Thou shalt not kill." Augustine acquits Samson because, like the knight, he is crushed in his attack, rather than because "the Spirit through him had been working miracles, had secretly ordered this." The knight's remarks on homicide and judges paraphrase Augustine's text from Judges.

The adventure with the fulling-mills becomes clarified when

¹ Book XVIII, chapter 18. Also the source of Dulcinea's transformation in the novel, Part II, chapters 8-11.

compared with Book XX, chapter 25, where Augustine compares the fears caused by the stormy winds of the Last Judgment to the process of fulling, as the spirit is purged and cleansed. He also writes against those who oppress the hireling in his wages, the widows and fatherless: Sancho makes adroit use of this passage in his shrewd claim on his master. Also to be noted is a specimen of that recapitulatory method in which both authors were adept. Augustine's previous chapter ends: "I was hungry and you gave me to eat." Cervantes' previous chapter ends with an unexpected feast.

The most significant events of the novel's first part turn on the winning of Mambrino's helmet, the battle for it at the inn, the imprisonment of Don Quixote in an ox-cart and his journey in captivity. Attention has been focused recently on Cervantes' name-changing in the book. The saint's clue to this runs "All in all, more names have changed than have remained,"¹ and he deals at length with the changed names of persons given in the Bible, especially Abraham and Sara.² Mambrino is altered several times—Malambrino; Maluno; and when Mambrino's helmet is first mentioned the knight swears an oath by the Creator and Holy Gospels: "Do not imagine, Sancho, that I take this oath as a mere bubble. For I know very well what precedent I am following since exactly similar events occurred in the case of Mambrino's helmet."

Abraham also entered into one of the Bible's most tremendous covenants by token of which he had numerous visions, as told by Augustine, at Mambre's Oak, and the peculiar symbolism of this is of regeneration by circumcision. Since Mambrino is a Spanish diminutive of Mambre, the play on the double purpose of the helmet-basin carried by the barber-surgeon is curious. Its shining aspect is stressed; the saint discusses the transformation of visible things by the power of heaven, "without a shadow of any intrinsic change," when telling of Abraham's initiation into the new sacred order from the old, "which would disappear in the shining of that substance of which these shadows were but prophetic intimations."³ Don Quixote's anxiety to acquire the helmet and his arguments over its *real* substance recall the saint's words. The "laver of regeneration" is dealt with later in the novel. (There may be further punning on the word *yelmo* (helmet) but

¹ Book XVI, chapter 11. ² Book XVI, chapter 28. ³ Book XVI, chapters 15-23.

it is not essential, except to note that like Augustine, Cervantes treats of trees symbolically, for the magic associated with the Oak and Elm (Olmo) is referred to in the novel, and that the properties of trees are deliberately mixed up several times.)

Anger is dealt with in Augustine's Book XIV, and the battle with the wine-skins is apt, "There are times when a man gets angry with inanimate things, as when a man smashes a pen or crushes a quill that is writing badly. However, even here there is a kind of lust for revenge." Don Quixote attacks, appropriately, the "vessels of wrath," that is, the wine-skins, or wine-press of God's anger and the grapes of wrath. He fulfils also the saint's text, "They were naked, but they felt no shame," and those whose eyes "were not open enough in the sense that they themselves had not been observant enough to realise in what a raiment of grace they must have been robed to have been unaware so long of any war between their members and their will," and his rather uncleanly state of undress is a gloss on Augustine's Indian gymnosophists and the "unsophisticated people who wear drawers even when they take a bath." Sancho's tossing-blanket serves for the garment of grace, and the innkeeper's demand for payment of his old score here exactly tallies with Augustine's anecdote of the old debt and the new. It is a short but very ingeniously contrived scene.

Maritornes and the halter fulfil the texts of Book XX, chapter 9, as "Do not bear the yoke with unbelievers" and "let him who thinks he stands take heed lest he fall." "Awake, sleeper," is the cue for the knocking at the door by the travellers. The texts, "Perfect love casts out fear" and "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet" as expounded by Augustine account for Luis, the idealist, in pursuit of perfect love and singing "Sweet Hope and Love," and his resistance to his servants alludes to "The truth is that one seeks in vain, after the death of the body, for something that one neglected to seek while he was still in the body."¹

The knight's being taken into captivity is accompanied by the mysterious prophecy which, as is now revealed, concerns Abraham and his people, as in Book XVI, chapter 24: "These symbols were meant to suggest the way in which the future event, of which he had now no doubt, would happen." Augustine's text tells of the young she-goat, the white dove, the lion and lion's

¹ Book XXI, chapter 24.

cubs. The she-goat runs out of the thicket as the knight is on his journey, and the herdsman's tale symbolises the text clearly, "when sin began to abound," following that time "when the yoke of the Law was imposed." The adventure with the Lions symbolises Abraham's likeness to a lion and his future progeny to a lion's whelps. Thus, the knight's obscure remark, "Lion cubs to me at this time of day?" with "a slight smile," parallels Augustine's long comment on the fact that Abraham laughed when God told him he should yet have offspring though stricken in years. The sleepy lion is to be traced to Book XVI, chapter 41: "Juda is a lion's whelp. . . . Resting thou hast couched as a lion and as a lioness. Who shall rouse him?" The interwoven incident of the spilled curds is also woven into the saint's commentary as "his teeth are whiter than milk. meaning, 'I fed you with milk,' " that is, the "little ones in Christ" not yet ready for solid foods.

Augustine attacks the Roman theatres frequently, and some of Cervantes parallel attacks on the Spanish stage may owe some of their supposed inconsistencies to this imitation generally. The interlude with the players' chariot, driven by the Devil, seems directly linked to the saint's accounts of devils on the Roman stage. The next encounter, with the Knight of the Mirrors and his squire, draws on Book XXII, chapter 20, and its text, "We see now as in a glass darkly, but then face to face." "When he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him just as he is." Even the Knight of the Mirrors' uncertain singing is like the saint's "Even those muted notes in the diapason of the human organ which I mentioned earlier, will swell into a great hymn of praise."

The Gentleman in Green personifies Augustine's famous description of the "happy life" in Book XIX, chapters 3-5. He begins by likening body and soul to a man on horseback, and Cervantes describes his gentleman as matched in trappings to his mount, symbolising the "horse and rider" of philosophy. Don Diego's emphasis on the virtue of a social life agrees with the saint. Sancho's impulsive kissing of his foot and his words, "I think your worship is the first saint I've ever seen riding with short stirrups" is significant, as is Don Diego's reply, "I am no saint, but a great sinner." Also here the saint writes of those whose minds are unsettled by sickness; Don Diego's concern for the knight reflects this continually. The text for his quiet household may be, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest

unto your souls," as quoted by Augustine. The exaggerated praise of the son's verse follows Book V, chapters 13 and 14: "Concerning the love of Praise."

Though it might seem that Camacho's Wedding could have no connection with the Rape of the Sabine Women, yet the saint's sarcasm at their expense and Cervantes' basic structure are continuously related. The knight's intervention in the parallel battle for a bride, refused by her father, and taken by a trick, touches on this classical marriage-raid adroitly. Sancho endorses the saint's comment that in the "show" and commemorative feastings "they gained a better and more fortunate outcome."¹

The enigma of Montesinos' Cave may be solved by a study of Augustine's famous Book X of his *Confessions*, which explores the "innumerable caverns" and plumbs the depths of Memory, Plato's Reminiscence. From the moment when Don Quixote sets out to see some of the world's marvels, and brushing away the birds from the cave's opening, descends into the fields and subterranean palace, he follows the saint's course. Past, present and future are jumbled up in his mind from his reading and fantasies. Durandarte; the coins of which Dulcinea is in need; Belarmina, a parody on chapter 27, all are glosses on Augustine's text. The famous words, "Paciencia, Y barajar! Patience! and shuffle the cards," are the essential functionings of memory. Perhaps the venerable father who guides Don Quixote is identifiable on the symbolic level with Augustine himself, since he wears a Milan cap, collegian's gown and bears a rosary. Don Quixote's words as they approach the cave are significant, "There are some who tire themselves out learning and proving things which, once learned and proved, do not concern either the understanding or memory a jot."

His guide to the caves is "a famous scholar" who has written a *Metamorphosis*, or Spanish Ovid, thus paralleling what Cervantes himself was doing with Plato's work on Memory.

Don Quixote's attack on the Puppet Show seems drawn entirely from Book I, chapter 32: "O minds out of their minds! . . . it was the theatres you entered . . . and far outdid your previous lunatic behaviour!" Sancho also says that he never saw his master in such an outrageous state of mind. The argument over payment for the damage done to the show seems prompted by the next

¹ Book II, chapter 17.

paragraph and its conclusion, "This is the reason why you are unwilling to be charged with the evil that you do." The prophesying ape is linked by Augustine to theatrical shows as in the novel, and the boy crier resembles the Carthaginian criers at pantomimes witnessed by the saint.

The braying contest seems, like Book XIV, especially chapter 24, to expound the fall from grace into animal life and man's rebellion before God. The saint argues that since some men show that it is possible to "do tricks with their bodies so unusual that practically no one can imitate them, and that some can imitate the voices of birds and beasts," so that "unless they were seen, no one could tell the difference," thus men may rule their desires to right ends. Don Quixote's sermon to the "fallen" ends with the saint's argument that "God's yoke was gentle . . . and therefore He could not have commanded us to do anything impossible to perform," and like the saint, he is "trying to avoid every word that might give offence." It is Sancho's braying, the pride of a man in an unnatural use of his natural organs, which precipitates his stoning. Don Quixote is exempt on this occasion. His retreat from the scene follows. "When the valiant man flies it is clear there is foul play; it is a wise man's duty to reserve himself for a better occasion." This resembles Book III, chapters 9 and 10 on Numa, and Sallust's "Only a few friends gave assistance, for the greater part were terror-stricken and held aloof from battle."

Distinction is made between the weapons of rebellion and the arms of an army in battle. The growing likeness of knight and squire perhaps derives from "Be ye like me, for I also have become like you," quoted by the saint, and Sancho's idea that more might be gained if the knight turned priest from "Put me, I beseech thee, to somewhat of thy priestly office, that I may eat a morsel of bread."¹

The Enchanted Boat episode is like that river of peace in Book XX, chapter 21, from Isaiah, the torrent into which the beatific stream swells and the demons moving in turbulent currents, like Cervantes' ghastly millers, so that the imprisoned may not be freed, since the knight is not yet worthy. The testing time of purity has now to come, in fact.

Don Quixote's meeting with a fair Huntress—the Duchess—takes up the prophecy of the pursuit of the White Dove, Dulcinea;

¹ Book XVII.

his praise of her virtue and hint of the future perfection of her stock, like Abraham's comes now. Augustine's warning that birds of prey seek the divisions of carnal men and "bode no good" is recalled when knight and squire become entangled in their harness and fall when they greet her. The "night of darkness" in the forest is linked to the other ordeals encountered here. The laver of regeneration is enacted at the banquet; note that the Duchess knows nothing about this, though she arranged the other entertainments. Even the puzzling scene with the house-priest may refer to the saint's discussion of Thessalonians, which he calls a difficult text.¹ Book XX, chapter 17 starts the knight's temptations and his distress when lying awake. "Every night I will wash my bed; I will water my couch with tears." And his drawing up of the bedclothes realises "Are not her sons those who sigh under their burden, because they do not wish to be unclothed, but rather clothed over, that what is mortal may be swallowed up by life."

The duchess's blemished limbs, described by her waiting-woman, have a text in "For then her members' bodies will pass over from mortal corruptibility to the new immortality of incorruption."

The cat-scratching relates to St. Paul's, "Now the sting of death is sin," and the talk on purgatorial pains resembles the saint's Book XXI. The breaking of his stocking may derive from Book XX, ch. 24, "All of these shall grow old like a garment. And as a vesture thou shalt change them." Corinthians accounts for his resistance to Altisidora, and also his vexation at this compulsion.²

The source of Sancho's judgments on the island follows on these scenes with Altisidora, for Augustine's chapter 27, also in Book XXI, opens "For judgment is without mercy to him who has not shown mercy." Clavileño derives from the Apocalypse, it now seems; the Great Beast, false signs and wonders, wicked deceptions, scorching fire, transportations upwards through the air, the deep sleep and swoons, the scroll, the restoration of the disfigured to pristine flawlessness, all come from this. Sancho's fib about the kidlings recalls the saint's telling of Jacob's experiments with the goats. Jacob's guile "as though he were a scape-goat bearing away the sins of others" is enacted by Sancho also, as well as his cunning in obtaining "the portion" by substituting false skins, in his case the bark of trees, and deceiving his master,

¹ Book XXI, chapter 26.

² Book XX, chapter 19.

as Augustine relates of the patriarch. Sancho's three judgment cases are drawn from the saint's examples; Forgive your debtors, as they forgive you; With what measure you measure, it shall be measured to you; and Take the case of kissing another man's wife, and suppose the punishment according to the law is scourging. That Barataria must needs be an island is so that the text, "His power shall be from sea to sea," may be fulfilled. Sancho leaves the place, and in misery falls into a pit to fulfil the next passage, "Thou also by the blood of thy testament has sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water," and the saint's commentary on this. Even his wife's letters and his comments may come from Augustine's Book XIX, chapter 23:

It would be easier for you to write lasting words in water, or to fly in the air like a bird on weightless wings than to get back any sense into your corrupted and impious wife. Let her have her way with her empty illusions.

Doña Rodriguez' dilemma over her daughter's misfortune illustrates St. Paul's "of those who do not take care of their children."¹ and after this, in chapter 15, comes the discussion on servants and "servus" from which the experience of the lackey probably derives in all its details.

The Breughel-like pilgrims stress the difference between unbelievers and the pilgrims of the Heavenly City; Ricote is intent on getting temporal goods. Cervantes uses foreign words to underline Augustine's text in Book XIX, chapter 17. The much debated puzzle of Cervantes' views on the expulsion of the Moriscos may be clarified by reading St. Augustine's opinions on those adversaries of Christ's name "still in our midst," spared from death because of Christ.² It cannot be quoted here, but certainly contains a parallel with Cervantes' scene.

Appropriately near is a text for a meeting with the image-bearers and the fighting saints,³ and the procession of rain-prayers may be compared with the saint's sarcasm on "There's not enough rain; the Christians are responsible." Further pastoral scenes are linked to Don Quixote's passages on pastoral living and the saint's final praise of the world's natural beauty. Both draw on the same; beauty of youth, varieties of birds, of flowers, natural foods, and so on. Music, too, is particularly described by

¹ Book XIX, chapter 14.

² Book I.

³ Book XX, chapter 11.

both. Even the two encounters with swine and bulls refer to Augustinian texts on sensualism.

The bandit-chief's conduct resembles the saint's opinion of an effective robber-leader, giving point to the words, "This captain of ours is more like a monk than a bandit."¹

To fulfil his destiny the knight must reach the sea. The Day of Judgment is reached "on the Eve of St. John, by night," that is, according to the text of St. John. They reach the calm waters, the crystal sea of Revelation; they hear the trumpets; they see the lightnings and hear the thunderings of artillery; they see the hulks moving on the waters—Leviathan; the vast concourse of people; the riders are thrown because of the Evil One; the scroll reveals their identity in the sight of all. When Don Quixote is overthrown he speaks "as if from inside a tomb."

His sudden falling to the floor at the dance enacts Psalm 72 where David's steps "had well nigh slipped" because he had "Zeal on occasion of the wicked seeing the prosperity of sinners." Augustine uses this to illustrate a point about the Last Judgment, so it is aptly placed. Also drawn from the saint's texts on Judgment Day is the talking head in the same mansion. Cervantes destroys this piece of deception to conform with Augustine's remark that all such images would be destroyed on the coming of Christianity and Judgment. The third sign heralding the Judgment after the prevalence of crime and deceit, is the propagation of knowledge, which the scene at the printing-house adroitly fulfils.

Sancho's turn comes in the galley scene, where his mauling fulfils "This is the beginning of creation which God made to be a sport to his angels," and "This sea-dragon which Thou hast formed to play therein." Sancho compares his tormentors to devils, as Augustine takes his text from Job, "concerning the Devil," and there is much trembling and reference to hell and damnation. The pirate tale fits the saint's purpose in showing mercy to all, because wrong-doing here comes from frenzy, that is, devilish influences, and is not wilful by design.

The racing of the fat and thin man is carefully placed too, for it illustrates the saint's argument about the prospects of the fat and thin being able to rise again.² Sancho's opinion is hailed thus: "This gentleman has spoken like a saint and given sentence like a canon."

¹ See Book XIX, chapter 12, and note the parallel of men hanging upside down.

² Book XIII, chapter 18.

The scene of Hell fire even contains Minos and Rhadamanthus, because the saint includes them also.¹ Augustine writes of such gods that they are "regarded as an excuse for more of those plays in which the gods are placated by a show of crimes they never committed." Cervantes' Duke had also been "anxiously seeking an excuse for more of those plays" at the expense of knight and squire by a show of crimes they had never committed.

The turning-point of Augustine's conversion came from a double omen and, also, like Don Quixote's last experience, from children's casual conversation. The death scene owes much to the last chapter of Book XXII, "Our will will be as ineradicably rooted in rectitude and love as in beatitude."

Perhaps, too, there is biographical echo in what has been called the most moving scene in the novel, Zoraida's parting from her parent, when she leaves for Europe in order to change her religion. Her last words are like Augustine's after-thoughts on his own leaving Algeria:

For even if I had wanted not to come with them, but to stay at home, it would have been impossible. So fast did my soul hurry me towards a deed which I know to be good, beloved parent, though it appears wicked to you.

The knight's character may owe something to the *City of God's* first pages:

Where in the world can you find a Christian . . . whose life is what among such men it should be? . . . even such as are *not enmeshed in matrimony and are modest in food and raiment*, often refrain from reproving the wicked for fear of losing reputation or security through the plots or violence of the wicked.

Sancho's stubborn talkativeness recalls Book II: "On the limits to be used in refutation," and their arguments resemble,

Yet what end will there be to our discussion if we imagine we must answer those who always answer in return? For those who either cannot understand what is said . . . keep answering back and are indefatigably futile. If we were bound to refute their objections every time they make their bull-headed resolve not to consider the meaning of their words as long as they deny our arguments, no matter how, you see how endless and wearisome and unprofitable it would be . . .

and so on.

¹ Book XVIII, chapter 12.

When Don Quixote overhears his "apocryphal" history whilst at an inn, he alludes to the printing of an imitation *Quijote* which came out between Cervantes' first and second parts of his novel. St. Augustine had the same experience. Book V, chapter 27, from "of which books" to his accusation of "their most impudent garrulity and . . . satirical and mimic levity," is singularly like Cervantes', and suggests that the whole question of this imitation *Quijote*, one of the most discussed literary problems of Spain, should be reviewed in the light of this novel evidence.

Cervantes' last work, *Persiles y Segismunda*, whose meaning has always baffled readers, may derive much from Book XX, chapter 21, commentaries on the Song of Songs and Isaiah, and Book XVII, chapter 20, which ends: "The Song of Songs sings a sort of spiritual rapture experienced by holy souls contemplating the nuptial relationship between Christ the King and His Queen-City, the Church. But it is a rapture veiled in allegory to make us yearn for it more ardently and rejoice in the unveiling as the Bridegroom comes into view." With this key and the saint's combined texts from Isaiah and his reference to Job, it becomes possible to follow Cervantes' allegory through the whole series of adventures, from the "barbarians who draw the bow," the avenging fire, "the isles afar off," the places of ice and snow, the pilgrimage to the New Jerusalem (Rome). See the saint from "I come, that I may gather them together with all nations and tongues" down to "Their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched, and they shall be a sight to all flesh."

The Dogs' Colloquy may have been inspired by Book III, chapter 23: "Of internal disasters by which the Roman republic was afflicted after a prodigy that appeared in the madness of all useful animals," which also relates the opinions of animals turned critics. Says the saint, "Had this happened in our day, we should find our critics more rabid against us than they found their animals against them."

The Glass Licentiate, the student who believed himself to be made of glass, recalls the saint's "The happiness of men, who are always rolling, with dark fear and cruel lust, in warlike slaughters and in blood, which, whether shed in civil or foreign war, is still human blood; so that their joy may be compared to glass in its fragile splendour, of which one is horribly afraid lest it should be suddenly broken in pieces . . . this test of tranquillity holds good."

THE INFALLIBILITY OF COLIN WILSON

By

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

A CONVENIENT BASIS for classifying the varieties of modern belief is to divide philosophers into subjectivists who seek to defend by argument certain antecedent beliefs which are not the result of research, and objectivists who are in search of truth and whose own beliefs are influenced by argument and objective facts. Pure types are rare; Newman, for instance, was a subjectivist in his antecedent belief in "two and only two luminously self-evident Beings, myself and my Creator," and an objectivist in his search for the Church, for it was the objective evidence which compelled him to accept the unwelcome conclusion that the Anglo-Catholic conception of the Church was unsound. It was Dr. Wiseman's comparison of the Anglicans and the Donatist heretics that unsettled him.

Now there is, of course, a great gulf dividing the subjectivism which begins with the intuition of a supremely important truth, such as the existence of God, and the subjectivism with which men defend what they want to believe, and preach the codes which they find convenient to practice. What is described by psychiatrists as "rationalisation," that is, finding reasons for what one wants to believe, is merely a variant of what might be called the Cretan formula. "Because the Cretans believed," writes Plato, "that they derived their laws from Zeus, they added this story about Zeus and Ganymede that they might claim to be following Zeus' example in enjoying this pleasure." The God whose cult Mr. H. G. Wells tried to initiate in his book *God the Invisible King* was as indulgent to normal weaknesses as Zeus to Cretan delights. Chastity, or as Mr. Wells preferred to describe it, "a superstitious abstinence that scars and embitters the mind," is, we were assured, "offensive to God." Very reassuring is Mr. Wells's statement, "God does not punish." The Cretan formula

reappears again and again in the bogus neo-Hellenism which Goethe, in his sillier moods, did something to foster. "In the myths of the loves of Zeus which shock modern sentiment," writes Mr. Humphrey Trevelyan in his book *Goethe and the Greeks*, "the Greeks had given religious sanction to a practice that springs from the nature of man. In Goethe's opinion modern sentiment was unnatural and therefore wrong." Mr. J. K. Johnstone, in his book *The Bloomsbury Group*, quotes one of Bloomsbury's major prophets who preaches an honest and unashamed enjoyment of the natural passions of the body and who, we are assured, "is on the side of the Ancient Greeks." The impression which these neo-Hellenists try to convey is that they have made a careful study of Greek history and philosophy and are recording the results of their researching with the academic detachment of a eunuch. I prefer the honesty of Oscar Wilde: "The only way to get rid of temptations is to yield to them."

Subjectivism often leads to what can only be described as fake objectivity, as for instance in the Bible of Bloomsbury, Professor G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica*.

By far the most valuable things [he writes] which we know or can imagine, are certain states of consciousness, which may roughly be described as the pleasures of human intercourse and the enjoyment of beautiful objects . . . it is only for the sake of these things—in order that as many as possible of them may at some time exist—that anyone can be justified in performing any public or private duty: . . . they are the *raison d'être* of virtue . . . it is these . . . that form the rational ultimate end of human action and the sole criterion of social progress.

In other words the ideal life is the kind of life which Mr. G. E. Moore found congenial. The passage is in point of fact an interesting example of the fake-objectivity which conceals self-praise behind a façade of allegedly impersonal judgments.

The distinction between subjectivists and objectivists is invaluable in any critical assessment of those whom the fashion of the moment accepts as having something to say on religion or philosophy which will interest the patrons of circulating libraries. And to this class Mr. Colin Wilson certainly belongs. His book *The Outsider* was a best seller and his new book¹ will probably not disappoint his public.

¹ *Religion and the Rebel*, by Colin Wilson (Gollancz 21s).

In a book which professes to deal with religion, it would have been helpful had Mr. Wilson begun by defining what he means by this much abused word. But like other subjectivists, Mr. Wilson feels at liberty to assign his own arbitrary meaning to this and allied words. Thus a mystic is defined by the Oxford Dictionary as "concerned with the direct communion of the soul with God," but Mr. Wilson blandly assures us that a "mystic is only a man with a higher degree of perception and vitality." "*The Outsider*," he tells us, "was an attempt to argue the thesis that *man is not complete without a religion*." Agreed, but what does he mean by religion? "Religion begins," he writes, "with the stimulus that heroism supplies to the imagination." Does it? Many unheroic people, precisely because they were unheroic, have felt the need for religion in the proper sense of the word. "The Outsider is a free thinker . . . and the result of his free-thought is a totally religious position—although not necessarily a Christian position." Mr. Wilson does not accept "the Christian position," but, though he does not believe in the Godhead of Christ, he implies that there are moments when he believes in the Godhead of Mr. Colin Wilson. "Prayer," he writes, "is the natural expression of the gratitude that rises: not prayer directed at anything in particular, at any personal God. It is simply that the sudden awareness is an awareness of one's own Godhead, and therefore of kinship with God." Verbiage. for it is time that the murder of words received recognition in our dictionaries, is the inevitable consequence of the revolt against objective standards, a revolt which is blatantly proclaimed by the prophets of Marxism. One consequence of this revolt is that detested tyrannies are described as "popular democracies." Humpty Dumpty deserves an honoured place in the Marxist pantheon. "'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less.'" And when Mr. Colin Wilson uses a word, "religion," it means what Mr. Wilson feels he would like it to mean. Not, of course, what the dictionaries define it to mean; the Pocket Oxford Dictionary, for instance, which defines "religion" as "system of faith and worship; human recognition of superhuman controlling power, and especially of a personal God entitled to obedience, effect of this on conduct." The sting is in the tail. The ghost of a Christian conscience continues to haunt many who practice free love but who have not

yet achieved care-free lust. Many modern attacks on Christianity are, to quote the great eighteenth-century Anglican Bishop Butler, "by way of reprisals for its having so long interrupted the pleasures of the world." There is probably no foundation for the derivation of *religio* from *religare*, "to bind," but there is a real connection between the ideas which these two words convey. Religion does "bind" a man. who takes it seriously, to do many things he would rather not do and to leave undone many things which he should not do. It "binds" a husband, for instance, not to desert his wife, however uncongenial the wife.

The greatest single problem of sociology is selfishness, a problem which Marx and Colin Wilson ignore, but with which every great religion is concerned. Nowhere from the first page of Mr. Wilson's first book to the last page of his last book is there any precise indication of the effect on conduct of the indefinite religion which he appears to be preaching. He should do something in his next book to correct the impression that the only obligation binding on the modern prophet is to express himself and to encourage his public to seek salvation in his message.

A useful criterion for deciding whether a writer is a subjectivist or an objectivist is his attitude to the beliefs which he *rejects*. The objectivist has a quasi-scientific interest in the varieties of belief and is as concerned as the scientist should be to base his conclusions on a fair and accurate digest of the relevant facts. Cardinal Bellarmine, who held the Chair of Controversial Theology in the Roman College, was criticised by a fanatic for the extreme fairness with which he had presented the Lutheran and Calvinist case. Moreover, at times he was at pains to correct misrepresentations of Protestant doctrines. Bellarmine, in fact, was sufficiently interested in views which he did not hold to be at great pains to discover the best that could be said *for* those beliefs.

Mr. Wilson, on the other hand, lacks *zetesis*, a Greek word of which "searching" is the literal translation, that denotes irresistible curiosity: the inspiration not only of the scientist, but of all genuine research, theological no less than scientific. "Christ died," writes Mr. Wilson, "announcing the Last Judgment to *begin almost immediately*, with himself as Judge." The informed reader knows that Christendom is not composed exclusively of people less intelligent than Mr. Wilson, and that among his intellectual peers are none who are unaware that some sceptics allege that Christ

died the victim of an immense delusion, and many who could summarise the arguments which render this theory untenable.¹

Mr. Wilson's treatment of the Galileo controversy is in the best traditions of Victorian rationalism. He begins with a howler: the statement that the Roman Church condemned Copernicus. It did no such thing. The expenses of Canon Copernicus' famous book were paid by Cardinal Schömbger and the Bishop of Culm. Neither Paul III, to whom the book was dedicated, nor the nine Popes who followed, raised the slightest objection to the heliocentric theory being taught as a hypothesis. And at that time it was only a hypothesis. It lacked definite proof until 1838, when the astronomer Friedrich Bessel determined the stellar parallax, or minute displacement of the star 61 Cygni. Huxley, who looked into the matter, came to the conclusion that on the available evidence "the Pope and the Cardinals had rather the best of it." The decree of the Holy Office was, of course, a tragic blunder. But Galileo got into trouble less for his defence of Copernican doctrine, which was being taught at the time by the Jesuits, than for his comments on the story of the sun standing still at the behest of Joshua. Immediately after the historic trial, Cardinal Bellarmine pointed out in a letter to Foscarani that had Galileo been content to show that his system explained celestial phenomena without denying the truth of scripture, all would have been well.

Mr. Wilson would have us believe that Giordano Bruno was burnt at the stake for "supporting the Copernican theory of astronomy." Nonsense. He was burnt for heresy, but his views about astronomy formed no part of the indictment against him. It is equally untrue to say that the Dominican Campanella was

¹ The verses cited in support of this theory are Mark 13, 14-30 predicting two different events, the Fall of Jerusalem (verses 14-23) which did, and the Second Coming (verses 24-29) which did not occur in the lifetime of the disciples. The word *γενεά* translated "generation" in verse 30 is often used in a general sense for the Jewish race as a whole.

Our Lord meant His followers to live every day *as if* the end of the world was imminent; but in the very chapter in which He is misrepresented as predicting the imminence of the Second Coming, He assures them that only God the Father knows the hour of the Second Coming. More than once He refused to satisfy the curiosity of the disciples on this point. "It is not for you to know the times or moments" (Act 1, 6-7). Again Christ predicted that "The Gospel would be preached in the whole world," and the known world at that time included India and China. Does Mr. Wilson believe that Our Lord expected that the Gospel would be preached in India and China before those living had died?

imprisoned and Lucilio Vanini burnt at the stake for "scientific thinking." Vanini was condemned by the "parlement" of Toulouse for atheism. Campanella, a Dominican, was arrested in 1599 on charges of leading a conspiracy against the Spanish Government, eleven years *before* the first stirrings of the Galileo controversy. While he was in prison he wrote a defence of the Copernican theory which was published in 1622, with no ill results for the author. On the contrary, four years later on the personal intervention of the Pope, he was transferred to Rome. And in 1629 the sentence of perpetual imprisonment which had been passed on him was set aside and this champion of the Copernican theory was released from gaol. All of which could have been discovered by Mr. Wilson had he possessed the necessary *zetesis*.

Mr. Wilson is wholly uncritical in his reverence for Shaw. He quotes with unqualified approval Shaw's grotesque claim that he had "solved every major problem of our civilisation," and pays Shaw the compliment of describing him as a "religious outsider." "Religious" only in Humpty Dumpty's misuse of that word; for Shaw was an atheist. Many years ago an Anglican clergyman rebuked me for implying that Shaw did not believe in God. I sent the letter on to Shaw, whom I had the honour of meeting on various occasions, and he returned it to me with the comment, "God. Not even parsons any longer believe in that nonsense." Not a particularly "religious" statement even for an Outsider.

It was from Shaw that Mr. Wilson borrowed the concept of the "outsider." Now clarity of expression was the great virtue of Shaw's writings. You know exactly what Shaw meant by "outsider" in the following passage:—

I was outside society, outside politics, outside sport, outside the Church. If the term had been invented then I should have been called an outsider.

But after reading Mr. Wilson's two books from cover to cover I am still in doubt as to what he means by "outsider," a term which he has applied indiscriminately to Christ and Nijinsky, to Sartre and Fox, to St. Augustine and Colin Wilson.

Compare the clarity of the passage quoted from Shaw with the confusing attempts of Colin Wilson to evoke a picture of the "outsider."

The Outsider seemed to be the man who, for any reason at all, felt himself lonely in the crowd of the second-rate. As I conceived him he could be a maniac carrying a knife in a black bag, taking pride in appearing harmless and normal to other people; he could be a saint or visionary.

To the Outsider, the *Weltanschauung* of the scientists is as absurd and over simplified as the *Weltanschauung* of the Church.

The Outsider is the man who has realised that all men are lepers—spiritually and morally.

The Outsider is a free thinker.

The simplest and most fruitful approach for our present purposes is to consider Pascal as an Outsider.

Christ's teaching—the teaching of an Outsider-prophet.

Hess believed that the Outsider is the highest form of life that civilisation knows next to the prophet. Nietzsche believed that the Outsider is half-way house to the Superman. In Toynbee, the Outsiders are the men who solve the problem of a civilisation and keep it alive.

The first nine books of St. Augustine's Confessions are an Outsider document.

The Outsider finds the world an unrelieved prospect of futility.

The Outsider lives in a world of apes whom he detests. . . . Most human beings strike him as being so stupid that they might as well be dead.

His [The Outsider's] credo is a doctrine of self-expression; and if self-expression means war and murder, he unhesitatingly prefers it to the doctrine of peace and good will towards men.

No clear definition of what Mr. Wilson means by "Outsider" emerges from this jumble of religiosity, scepticism, camouflaged self-praise and misanthropic snarls. Christ, it would seem, has been elected if not a full member at least an associate member of the Outsider Club. But no contrast could be greater than the

contrast between Mr. Wilson's snobbish contempt for ordinary folk and Christ's love of common people, the common people who, we are told, "heard him gladly." Frankly there is nothing in this confused book which renders even faintly plausible Mr. Wilson's arrogant disdain for the majority of mankind. Among those who strike him as "so stupid" there are thousands far too intelligent to be impressed by the pseudo-intellectualism of these modern substitutes for authentic religion.

Mr. Wilson, as we have seen, claims at least by implication to have reached a "totally religious position." "Totally" is good; but surely the first stage in one's journey to religion is the realisation not of other people's defects but of one's own sins. Sin, however, is not a subject on which Mr. Wilson cares to dwell. "Nothing," he writes, "is quite so bad for a religion as a man with an exaggerated sense of sin." Maybe. And nothing it would seem is more remote from Mr. Wilson's *Weltanschauung* than the old-fashioned view that world reform must begin with self-reform. "I have pointed out," wrote Matthew Arnold, "that the real upshot of the teaching of Jesus Christ was this: 'If every one would mend one, we should have a new world.'"

I read with interest more than one chapter in this book, particularly the chapter on that distinguished mathematician and philosopher, the late Alfred North Whitehead. I wonder if Mr. Wilson is familiar with his tribute to the medieval philosophers whom he praised, among other things, for their "priceless habit of looking for an exact point and of sticking to it when found." If Mr. Wilson would acquire this "priceless habit," he might yet write something which would be of real value, and not merely a best seller. So far he has failed to cross the frontier which separates the vagueness of religiosity from the precise concepts of religion; and the present book is yet another illustration of the truth of Croce's apophthegm, "*La religiosità è vaga, la religione è precisa.*"

And yet there are some passages in this book which will appeal to those who have travelled the long road from agnosticism to the Church. They will remember how the slightest concession to the Catholic position always produced a prompt recoil. Thus Mr. Wilson can pay a noble tribute to the medieval Church, and is shrewd enough to realise that no manufactured religion can possibly capture the world. But he stops far short of any serious examination of the Church's claims. It would seem that at one

point in his life he actually went under instruction. "The idea of entering a monastery," he writes, "also became increasingly attractive . . . I started instruction in Catholicism, feeling that to become a Catholic would be the first step towards a monastery. But what I read of the strenuous life in monasteries discouraged me." That at least is honest. There is indeed a lot which is profoundly discouraging about any genuine religion. But Mr. Wilson is obviously dissatisfied with his own attempts to construct a religious philosophy which conforms in every detail to his particular requirements. There may yet come a moment when he will evolve from a subjectivist into an objectivist. That moment may be as decisive for him as it was for me, and perhaps he will forgive me if I conclude my study of his book, which not only exasperated but interested me, with a quotation from a book which I wrote many years ago.

I made no progress towards the Church so long as I continued to hope that objective truth could be forced into the mould of subjective prejudice. I was, though I knew it not, wasting my time in search of a Christ whose teachings I could conscientiously preface with the words "*Nihil obstat* Arnold Lunn." . . . I can still remember the dawn of a horrid doubt in the infallibility of Arnold Lunn.

When Mr. Wilson begins to doubt in the infallibility of Mr. Wilson he will have taken the first decisive step which might ultimately lead him to accept the infallibility of the Church.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

1842-1911

By

ERNEST BEAUMONT

MODERN ITALY has had few outstanding creative writers distinguished by a positively Christian vision. Indeed, only Manzoni and Fogazzaro fulfil this ideal, but whereas the former, thanks largely to Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Bernard Wall, has now received his due, the latter, once widely read in this country, still requires to be brought to the attention of present-day readers. In Italy itself, *Piccolo mondo antico*, usually regarded as this Vicentine writer's masterpiece, is often acclaimed as the finest achievement in fiction after *I Promessi Sposi*, and it is astonishing that this serene work of Fogazzaro's middle life, one of the few in all literature which portray family life, should no longer form part of our general literary consciousness. The half-centenary of Fogazzaro's death seems an appropriate occasion on which to attempt a re-appraisal of his modest output. His books should, of course, be read in the language in which they were written, but some of the English translations of his novels made in his lifetime, particularly those by Mrs. Prichard Agnetti, who even translated Duke Gallarati Scotti's biography of him and wrote a volume of her own about his native Vicenza, still read with remarkable freshness. Her labours bear witness to the fascination that Fogazzaro can exercise over those who read him, impelling certain enthusiasts, from various countries, to make the journey to that still largely unspoilt mountainside rising from Lake Lugano where Fogazzaro spent each autumn, on the lake-side at Oria, where his *Piccolo mondo antico* was staged and where, in his last novel, *Leila*, one of the most memorable scenes in all the literature of romantic love takes place, the meeting of Leila and Massimo Alberti. Valsolda is for ever associated with Fogazzaro, the one, as it were, being so thoroughly attuned to the personality of the other.

Fogazzaro has the power to enchant, a power to which the

beauty of Italy itself and the attractiveness of many of its people doubtless contribute their share, but Fogazzaro himself so intensely felt this enchantment of his lake and his mountains, as he often called them with proprietary affection, that his written word is fraught with all their appeal. His prose has, moreover, an underlying musicality, a quality deriving no doubt from his own deep love of music, a form of art which wrought in this latter-day romantic a soaring flight of emotion, a dilation of his being, bringing him the sense of the divine, the awareness of what is highest in man. Thus Franco, in *Piccolo mondo antico*, seeking to instruct himself better in his religion so that he may make some religious impact upon his stronger-minded but more sceptical wife and studying to that end the Doctors of the Church, thinks, one evening, when playing the *andante* from Beethoven's Grand Sonata in D, the Pastorale: no Father of the Church could communicate religious feeling like Beethoven could. Nature and music provided in fact for Fogazzaro kindred emotional experiences in which God was effectively apprehended. His profoundest experience was Wordsworthian; it took place when he was a boy, seated on the grass at sunset, near the cemetery of Oria, looking at the lake just below and the mountains opposite:

All at once there came to me this sudden, overwhelming, clear idea: that in the things around me, in the lonely countryside I loved so much, there was a Spirit, a living Being who understood me and returned my love. I felt this so strongly that I did not have the least doubt of it.¹

Possibly many of us have had similar intuitions, but less intensely felt. The occasion is evoked in the seventh section of the long poem *Novissima Verba*, one of the few poems in which Fogazzaro achieves great poetry, so many of his poems sinking, like his short stories, into the trivial or whimsical, as if he were afraid of sustained seriousness. Here the authentic nature of the experience is matched by authentic poetry, twenty years after the event. This kind of mystical feeling is perhaps more English than Italian; indeed Fogazzaro is rare among Italians in his love of nature, conventionally romantic as this nature may often seem to be, with lake, mountains and moonlight and, to vary the mood, claps of thunder and downpours of rain. Few of the novels fail

¹ T. Gallarati Scotti, *La Vita di Antonio Fogazzaro*, Milan, Mondadori, 1934, p. 88.

to stage a thunderstorm, as few omit to portray the hero or heroine pouring out his or her soul at the pianoforte, in fervid improvisations. Though his Lake of Lugano may sometimes seem a panorama to be viewed with the so-called Moonlight Sonata playing in the background, it is not unpleasant on occasion to find relief from the brutality and brooding discontent at present more fashionable in the literary sphere. Charged as it may be with a fairyland enchantment, the nostalgia of leisurely times and the old-world allurements of romantic passion, the world that he creates has still such power over the imagination that the visitor to Val d'Astico, for instance, or to Valsolda, delights to see with his own eyes the exact places where the events of his fictional universe took place; that he should take this pleasure is a tribute to Fogazzaro's sense of place and to his power of evocation.

It is only to be expected that a writer for whom the visible world of nature so vividly exists should also be extremely sensitive to the beauty and charm of woman. No novelist has created more entrancing and intriguing heroines than Fogazzaro, more living and more understandingly presented. Invariably his heroes, though religiously inclined, are weak ineffectual individuals, whereas his heroines make up in strength of character or ardour of temperament what they lack in religious conviction. The substance of the whole of his work is the relationship of man and woman in love and man's relationship with God. Even in *Piccolo mondo antico* the basic interest is the relationship of husband and wife, in which dominates the conflict of differing natures and opposing ideas, with pride ever ready to burst forth on both sides, though love persists below the surface, loyal and enduring. In the main, however, it is love outside marriage, love between a man and a woman who cannot marry, because one or both are married already, that is the mainspring of Fogazzaro's fictional activity. The problem for him is to reconcile that love with love of God, the problem which the French poet Claudel later tried to solve in his plays, for much the same personal reasons. The novels of Fogazzaro reflect very closely, though naturally in an artistic transmutation, however imperfect at times, his own interior drama, his own acute spiritual struggle. The principal biographies, those by Gallarati Scotti, Piero Nardi and Ottorino Morra, the most recent,¹ provide ample information

¹ *Fogazzaro nel suo piccolo mondo*, Bologna, Cappelli, 1961.

about this aspect of his life, though the ninth and eleventh chapters of Gallarati Scotti's book, with their copious quotations from Fogazzaro's intimate writings furnish the most revealing documents. Never, one would say, has a woman had a higher role conferred on her than the person discreetly called "Elena" in accordance with the custom established by Gallarati Scotti, who mistakenly identified her with the heroine of *Daniele Cortis*. Notwithstanding that his latest biographer, using the testimony of the writer's younger daughter, Maria Fogazzaro, who survived till 1952, urges in explanation of Fogazzaro's choice of a Beatrice outside the family precincts the cold nature of his wife,¹ the fact that he was forty-one years old and had been married seventeen years when the crisis occurred suggests that it may be unnecessary to make very much of such particulars. Fogazzaro was, as it were, in love with love. The preface that he wrote for the French translation of his first novel, *Malombra*, makes it clear that he lived with the ideal of the beloved long before he met her. Marina, the mad flamboyant creature who colours the novel with her savage seductiveness, lived in him, he wrote, before Edith, whom he invented in designed contrast, the embodiment of religious principle and feminine purity, a somewhat stilted and unconvincing character. Marina was, he went on,

that voluptuous feminine blend of beauty, strangeness, talent and pride which I ardently sought in my early youth. She had become my dream. . . . All that I have since read about love, such as certain so-called adorers of Beauty conceive it, seems to me very cold and very foolish in comparison with the raptures that a woman like Donna Marina could have given a lover worthy of her.²

It seems to be a condition of the Beatrician role that it be assumed by a woman married to some one other than the man for whom she bears that role; he for his part is customarily married to a woman whose function is mainly confined to keeping his house and bringing up his family. Only Charles Williams has associated the Beatrician role with conjugal life and he was powerless to portray its operation in terms of art. "Elena" was for ten years Fogazzaro's guiding star; his private journal leaves no doubt of the immense depth of his love for her as also of the abiding

¹ *Op. cit.*, pp. 283-95.

² *Tutte le opere di Antonio Fogazzaro*, Vol. XV, *Scene e prose varie*, Milan, Mondadori, 1945, p. 303.

strength of his religious faith. She it was who must lead him to God. The ideal that she represented for him was to preserve him from his carnal temptations, which we can see from the acuteness of his anguish to have been very pressing. He hoped, it is clear from many passages, that their love would be fulfilled in some way in heaven, though there is never any question of her being equated with paradise. God always remained the end for which Fogazzaro strove.

Many poems bear witness to the redemptive force of this love. In *Visione*, for instance, published in 1895, the poet in a vision sees Christ, towards Whom there hastens through the streets a somewhat conventionally romantic gathering of the poor and rejected. The poet's beloved says to him: "I too to Jesus, with you, with you." She sees the Saviour first, however, the poet being unworthy, but at her tears, by the grace of God alone, he is caught up into the presence of Christ Who tells those who have no strength against themselves to leave; He will come to them and wash them in tears. The poet, recognising his deficiency, leaves his beloved who remains with Christ, yet there is hope in his heart. The poem, one of the most moving of Fogazzaro's poems, ends with the poet's prayer to God for cleanness of heart. His beloved, now at his side, shyly murmurs: *Volo, mundare*.

Two novels in particular, *Daniele Cortis* and *Il mistero del poeta*, express the direct impact made by "Elena," though the earlier novel was begun under the inspiration of Marchioness Angelina Mangilli Lampertico, on whom the heroine is based, and the heroine of the other was modelled on an American acquaintance of the author's, Elena Starbuck. The role she plays, however, like the conclusion of *Daniele Cortis*, derives from the inner drama that Fogazzaro was then living. In both novels the fulfilment of human love is eschewed, but the manner by which the desirable frustration is achieved differs radically. *Daniele Cortis* ends in renunciation, a separation freely chosen by both the man and the woman, though circumstances help them. Married to a worthless husband,—so often the case in the novels of Fogazzaro—the heroine also has a frivolous mother, whereas the hero, though unmarried, is afflicted with a most distressing mother, a somewhat Zolaesque creation with an immoral past. Thus, Daniele and Elena stand out as models of nobility; their moral stature towers all the more immense for the smallness of those

around them. Elena's virtue derives from her sense of duty, though ultimately, through love of Daniele, she comes to share his religious faith, a process common to all the heroines of Fogazzaro except the first. Daniele in his turn is convinced that God is reserving Elena for him in the next world. The mountains and the great fir-trees amid which his villa is set, in *Seghe di Velo*, the stars, too, bear witness to his determination to fight among men for justice and truth. Grandiloquent as such turns of phrase are, the parting of these lovers, pledged to one another for life and for longer still, for ever, is nevertheless deeply moving; it is evident that in ending his novel in this fashion Fogazzaro was making his own act of renunciation.

In *Il mistero del poeta* the measured restraint within which the ardent passion of *Daniele Cortis* is contained, to which it owes in large part its artistic merit, is relaxed; moreover, the issue is confused. Satisfaction is denied the lovers, but not through any renunciation; the beloved dies of heart failure in the train bearing her and her lover on their honeymoon after the secret nocturnal wedding ceremony; no married partners stand in their way, only a jilted fiancé and a former lover. This over-sentimental novel neither moves nor holds the reader. The hero has none of Daniele Cortis's concern for human affairs; he stakes all on the pursuit of one woman, to trace whom he crosses half the continent of Europe. His aim, however, is not to appropriate her, but to become her, the mystical objective which we know from his intimate writings to have been the author's own.¹ In fact, despite the cosmopolitan setting and the wealth of invented incident, the personal echoes stay too close to the lived reality, being insufficiently integrated into an artistic transmutation. The point of the novel lies in its last chapter, the deprivation of the beloved, even though it be by an untimely death. Even in death she will always be with her lover; he feels her still working, as it were, within him. Her death indeed brings a possible spiritual benefit, for God might have been excluded from a fulfilled passion, that *raison d'être* for the frustration of lovers that becomes in Claudel's plays so basic a part of his soterial scheme. The poet of the Italian novel has the intelligence to realise, however, that after the first violence of their transports, a more reasonable order of feelings would probably have prevailed, a recognition that no character

¹ Gallarati Scotti, *op. cit.*, p. 183.

of Claudel's ever makes. Moments of earthly weakness still possess the poet, his desire that Violet should always be the Violet that he knew, exactly as she was on earth, just as she, earlier in the novel, lamented that it was not enough to know that he would be hers for ever in the next life; she wanted him here and now, in this life, on this earth. A rather more turbid quality, it will be seen, marks this novel; the issues are less clear-cut; the renunciation is imposed and not willed, and the attraction of earth thrusts itself with some insistence amid the aspirations towards heaven.

After the interlude of *Piccolo mondo antico*, with its family life, however tormented, and its patriotic urges, Fogazzaro returned to more hazardous issues with *Piccolo mondo moderno*, providing for a more desperate situation a more desperate remedy. The guiding star had sufficiently dimmed by this time for a less celestial flame to shine brightly before the writer's susceptible eyes. This was José Moschini Biaggini, who inspired the un-Beatrician role of Jeanne Dessalle, a heroine in whom unfortunate relations with her now abandoned husband have produced an unconquerable and quite unreligious frigidity. It is in fact this misandry of Jeanne's which saves Piero from yielding to the temptation she represents for him. Sin would nevertheless have resulted, one feels, on the last night in Fontana di Vena, but for the sleepless prefect keeping watch and the telegram which sends Piero to his dying wife. Fogazzaro makes the sensual temptations to which his hero is subject as comprehensible as possible, saddling him with a wife who has for years been confined to a mental home. It is her edifying death, after the return of her reason, which propels this ill-balanced offspring of the ill-matched Franco and Luisa into the asceticism of *Il Santo*. Piero abandons the world without taking monastic vows, a sort of free-lance friar, living frugally, preaching and, so it is believed, working miracles. All that we perceive of the saint are the pale hollow cheeks and the undeniable fact that he is a splendid talker. We are not introduced into his inner life, apart from the night in the open following the sight of Jeanne and the recrudescence of sensual temptation, and we are not shown him spending himself in works of mercy and charity; in fact he talks too much and does too little to qualify for the title conferred upon him. The solution to the problem of sexual relations offered by the ending of

Piccolo mondo moderno and its sequel *Il Santo* is one that lies outside the experience of the writer, whence its unsatisfactoriness, its lack of authenticity. The reader's sympathy is engaged, not by Piero, but by Jeanne who remains throughout *Il Santo* in the background, faithful to the man whom her feminine attraction has driven into the extremes of asceticism. Both by now free to marry, their respective partners having died, the reader is impelled to the view that it would be preferable for all concerned if they did so. Instead Fogazzaro reserves for us a final meeting between Piero and Jeanne, at which the unfortunate woman passionately embraces the crucifix which the saint holds out with his dying hands. He departs this life happy in the knowledge of her acceptance of Catholicism, though it is by no means obvious that her kiss is so to be interpreted.

In his last novel Fogazzaro finally achieves the reconciliation of ardent human love and religious faith. Now in his sixties, he was serene enough to portray love between man and woman coming to its natural fruition, without the complication of unsatisfactory married partners, with no obstacles but those inherent in their own natures; he was also still youthful enough in spirit to write of young love. Of all the heroines of Fogazzaro's, Leila is perhaps the most fascinating. In part she is the masculine ideal of the proud ardent woman to be tamed and brought to heel, a new version of Marina, but thoroughly living. She too was inspired by an actual person, a Swiss schoolgirl, Agnese Blank, whom the writer led into the Church at the age of eighteen, the eighty-year-old Bishop of Cremona, Mgr. Bonomelli, coming to baptise her in the little church of Oria and administer to her Confirmation and First Communion in September 1910, after *Leila* was already completed. As well, however, as the charm of the young woman and the ardour of young love, with the clash of pride and the pain of misunderstanding, death also pervades this novel. It opens with the first signs of his approaching end felt by Marcello and it ends with the calm death of Donna Fedele, a final literary embodiment of Marchioness Mangilli Lampertico, who thus has the unique distinction of appearing twice in the work of Fogazzaro, at the beginning and the end; the character of Donna Fedele constitutes a great tribute to this cousin of Fogazzaro's. The death of both Marcello and Donna Fedele is beautifully and religiously portrayed. That this was not

merely the romantic writer's glossing over the unpleasant, to be more realistically evoked by Bernanos, with the beads of sweat and the cries of fear, is borne out by the untroubled death of Fogazzaro himself, long prepared and accepted, the death of a supremely religious man. In his last years his essential colloquy had been with God alone.

These last years of Fogazzaro's life were saddened by the condemnation of *Il Santo* and by religious controversy. He submitted unreservedly to the judgment of the Holy Office, but not without a feeling of bitterness, which seeps into the texture of *Leila*, condemned two months after his death. The religious atmosphere of the time was of course bitterly polemical and Fogazzaro, though not himself a modernist in the full sense of the term, certainly associated with many modernists. He was anxious, no doubt too anxious, to accord his deep Catholic faith with modern views and tendencies. No censure, however, attended his speculative work, *Ascensioni umane*, in which he applied the theory of evolution to the whole of human activity, seeing man move towards ever increasing perfection, a greater cerebrality, the eventual dominance of the bodily by the spiritual, a cosmic optimism which foreshadows, though but in schematic form, the view of Teilhard de Chardin. This theory of evolution enabled Fogazzaro to justify to himself the kind of relationship that he had had with "Elena" and which he had portrayed in *Daniele Cortis* and *Il mistero del poeta*, for in his preface to *Ascensioni umane* he puts forward a purely spiritual love, the love of a man and woman in God, from which all physical satisfaction is excluded, as the ideal relationship towards which humanity is or should be moving, the earthly anticipation of that heavenly relationship implied by Christ's *neque nubent*.¹ This angelism of Fogazzaro's receives fictional expression in the *mariage blanc* of Giovanni Selva and Maria d'Arxel, a loving spiritual union of an old man and a young woman which, among all the sentimentalised effects of *Il Santo*, is far from being the least unconvincing. In the light of this evolutionary theory we may also see how, in *Daniele Cortis*, what may seem to the uninitiated to be a physical renunciation of the lovers in favour of a purely spiritual adultery is for Fogazzaro their conformity to the upward movement of evolu-

¹ *Tutte le opere di Antonio Fogazzaro, Vol. XIV, Discorsi*, Milan, Mondadori, 1941, pp. 20-1.

tion, their renunciation of the purely instinctual in order to embrace the wholly spiritual. The theory also provides consolation for those subject to moral lapses, for the disgust which the sinner feels with his descent towards the brutish provokes a contrariwise reaction pushing him farther up the evolutionary ladder.¹ This is of course to confer on pure feeling an enduring power which the common experience of mankind hardly warrants. Indeed, feeling is the basis, not only of Fogazzaro's evolutionary theory, but of his whole *Weltanschauung*. He did not of course claim to be a thinker, but prided himself, often rather naïvely, on being a poet. His vocation of poet is indissociable from his intensity of feeling, but it is in the nature of feeling, however exalted, not merely to fluctuate and sometimes to deceive, but to carry full conviction only for the person experiencing it. Feeling cannot be a reliable criterion of truth, though it is the main source of the poetic impulse; unless the poet or novelist is faithful to his own feeling, his art will have no authenticity. Hence the uneasy relations which tend to prevail between art and dogma and the difficulties experienced by many integral artists.

Certain criticisms may easily be made of Fogazzaro's work. It is far from virile. He does not disturb our complacency as, for instance, Bernanos does; any disquiet that we feel on reading him is likely to be on his account rather than ours. Yet, his work is a sincere attempt to face a fundamental human issue and in it religious values predominate. The means of loving God with the intractable material of which we are so largely constituted is his one preoccupation. His novels are the authentic expression of his inner life, even if this was never plumbed to its darker depths nor perfectly transposed in an imaginative idiom. His greatest artistic success was achieved where he was able to transmute his experience most thoroughly, where indeed, for the most part, imagination took precedence over the lived reality. Thus, his finest novels are *Piccolo mondo antico* and, despite its length, *Leila*, in both of which the play of human relations evolves amid a most evocative natural setting. But all his novels have their merits; the simple linear development of *Daniele Cortis*, with its forceful conclusion, is far from ineffective; *Malombra*, though

¹ *Tutte le opere di Antonio Fogazzaro, Vol. XXIV, Discorsi*, Milan, Mondadori, 1941, pp. 20-1.

it suffers from the unselectiveness of many first novels, has considerable power; the author has not yet made up his mind what pattern to impose on events, so a rich profusion prevails and that degree of uncertainty, the refusal to clarify overmuch, which provides such aesthetic satisfaction. Even so, the whole of the later Fogazzaro is here present in embryo, including the Beatrice, whose mission is somewhat impaired through an excessive rigidity, a failure to love sufficiently; he had, as we know, not yet met her. In this novel, as in them all except *Il Santo*, passages of rather Dickensian humour offset the development of the *motif*, the opposing pulls of sensual and spiritual love, with the arduous victory of the latter.

Even if the world Fogazzaro inhabited was one of chamber music and social receptions, of elegant material comfort, a mode of life more incendiary Christian writers such as Bloy and Bernanos never knew, he himself was supremely concerned to live according to the spirit: he denied himself both food and sleep and gave freely of his time to all who sought it as well as to local and, to some extent, national affairs. Like that of his contemporary, Léon Bloy, the aim of *Il Santo* is, after all, to protest against a barren conformity, to proclaim the primacy of the spirit, but his was a gentler spirit, his personality a more amiable and attractive one. He led a full family life, notwithstanding the Beatrice, faithful to his conjugal obligations, a loving and beloved father; he had exceptional nobility of character. What we now know of him only confirms the words that St. Pius X is said to have uttered, on hearing of his death: *Povero Fogazzaro, era un buon cristiano*.¹ Sensitive as he was to the beauty of created things, he yet saw in them the glory of God and this was perhaps his especial gift. That last gesture of Luisa's uncle, towards the end of *Piccolo mondo antico*, before he leaves Oria for the last time, to be struck dead by a stroke the same day, conveys in its laconic simplicity the essence of the author's own vision. Watching the triumph of the sun as the early morning mists are swept from the lake and the mountains are revealed in their splendour, Piero Ribiera, "like the old man of chaste life that he was, the freshness of whose heart has not staled and who has preserved a certain innocence of imagination, cried out: 'Look, Luisa, should we not say: Glory be to the Father, to the Son, to the Holy Ghost!'"

¹ From an article by Pio Molajoni quoted by Ottorino Morra, *op. cit.*, p. 716.

CATHOLICISM IN SALISBURY

Mr. Peniston's Reminiscences (1784-1826)

By

J. ANTHONY WILLIAMS

THERE HAS RECENTLY come to light, among the Wiltshire county archives preserved in the Record Office at Trowbridge, a document of considerable Catholic interest which sheds much light upon the Salisbury mission and its congregation between the 1780s and the 1820s. Apart from noting the identity of the writer—John Peniston, an architect and surveyor¹—we may allow the document to speak for itself, though brief notes on some of the principal persons mentioned in it will be added at the end. Mr. Peniston's narrative is as follows:

My earliest recollections carry me back to a Garrett in the house now in the occupation of Mr. J. Loder and then the residence of Mrs. Thomas Arundell situated in the Close at the end of Rosemary Lane.

I have a very confused remembrance of circumstances at this period which I consider was about the year 1784 or 5, I being then six or seven years old.

Here, however, was the chapel and this Good Lady's Chaplain was a Jesuit, Father Turner. I learnt at a later period this Gentleman had been out in '45 and, escaping both the field and the scaffold, had subsequently embraced the Priesthood; this was, however,

¹ Born, according to his own statement, about 1777 or '78; died 1848. I owe the following information to Mr. Maurice G. Rathbone, the Wiltshire County Archivist: "He married Sarah Harris in Queen Square chapel, Bath, 19 Dec. 1805. John and Sarah had ten children of whom the eldest was John Michael Peniston, also surveyor and architect, b. 15 Jan. 1807. John Michael m. Mary Perkins in the Catholic Chapel, Reading, and Hartley Wintney Church (Hants) 5 Jan. 1831. Their eldest living son, one of five children, was b. 26 Oct. 1832 and christened Henry, also surveyor and architect and living in 1887. Henry's father, John Michael d. in 1858." The document here printed is No. 451/401 of the Wiltshire County Records.

rather whispered than publicly said, Catholicity being then too much at a discount to render such an avowal safe to the devout Jacobite.

We had another individual of the congregation who had suffered in the *good* cause—a lame old woman who procured a livelihood by carrying about and vending Pies and Cakes, whose family had lost all in the service of the Stuart family and left her nothing but her religion and a hearty abhorrence of the Hanoverians.

The Catholics of Salisbury at this time consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Weeks and their children, My Father, Mother, Self and infant sister, the Pie woman above-named and a Mr. Wilmott who resided at West Harnham keeping a public house there [who] had been a Plasterer at the building of Wardour House, and, like my Father who had also been there, employed as director of the Bricklayers, settled down at Salisbury as a permanent residence.

Mrs. Arundell's establishment except the cook were Catholics and I believe this was the whole of Salisbury Congregation at this time. I must not, however, forget a very principal member who was an occasional resident: the Honourable Everard Arundell, Grandfather of the late and present Lord Arundell, who then resided alternately at the house in the Close named Arundell House and at Ashcombe at a house called by that name and since pulled down. His wife and the whole establishment were Protestants; his boys were educated as Catholics but at distant schools, his daughter as a Protestant at a later period married General Groves.

My next recollection carries me to the removal of Mrs. Arundell, her establishment and the congregation to a house in the Square late in the occupation of the Misses Portman.

Here we had a famous chapel fitted up in the attic, taking the whole length of the principal part of the house facing the square except one room at the west end which was called Father Turner's room and used as a confessional.

Here at a later period our congregation was increased by the Father of the present Mr. Vandenhoff and a Mr. Joy and Family who was a fishmonger. Mr. Joy was at this time somewhat advanced in years but when a boy had been on the establishment of Sir John Webb, residing in the house now occupied by Mr. Hodding at Odstock. This Gentleman's Daughter married the late Lord Shaftesbury; her daughter, who was the heiress of Sir John Webb, married Mr. Ponsonby, now Lord De Mauly.

The next thing of any consequence that occurred was the arrival of a number of French emigrants, mostly of the priesthood, seeking shelter from the revolutionary storm then raging in France and,

to the honour of a Protestant country, they were uniformly received with kindness and, strangers as they were, received that comfort and support which was so savagely refused them at home.

Not long after the arrival of the French gentlemen Father Turner died and he was replaced by the Revd Mr. Bégin as Chaplain to Mrs. Arundell. This was but for a time—for causes I know not this Gentleman was removed and the Revd Mr. Marest was substituted for him and the congregation had notice to provide a Chapel for themselves.

This at the moment appeared a sad blow—but under Providence, like many other apparent evils, it ultimately became a great good.

The first step was to fit up a Chapel in the house then occupied by my father, adjoining the close gate now [occupied?] by Mr. Sturgess. After a very short time we had notice from the Dean and Chapter that they would not permit a house belonging to one of their assistants (a verger) to be used for such a purpose and that if we persisted we must turn out.

The Honourable Mr. Arundell went with the congregation. This gentleman, with the late Mr. Weeks and Père Bégin, took a house in Brown St., now occupied by Mr. Osmund, and fitted up the first floor, forming a most excellent Chapel.

Mr. Bégin resided in the house, preserving a most respectable appearance and much esteemed by all ranks of Society—he had at this time acquired a very good income by teaching the French language.

J. PENISTON

Of the more important personages mentioned by Mr. Peniston, the priest Fr. Turner was the Rev. Richard Turner, S.J., an ex-Jesuit, who arrived in Salisbury in 1774 or '75, who died there in 1794 and to whom there is an inscription in the Cathedral cloister. So much we learn from Foley, Kirk and Dr. Oliver,¹ none of whom, however, mentions his earlier Jacobite associations.

The Mrs. Arundell who provided a Mass-centre in Salisbury was the widow of Thomas Arundell (son of the sixth Lord Arundell of Wardour) who died in 1768 and who is mentioned a year earlier in the "Catalogue" at Farm Street (*Catalogi Varii Provinciae Angliae*, 1624-1773) as having a Jesuit chaplain, Fr. James Porter. The Salisbury chapel was mentioned in 1780 by

¹ H. Foley, *Records of the English Province of the Society of Jesus* (1877-83) V, p. 666 and VII, p. 534; J. Kirk, *Biographies of English Catholics, 1700-1800* (1909), p. 238; G. Oliver, *Collections Illustrating the History of the Catholic Religion in Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wiltshire and Gloucester* (1857), p. 424.

Fanny Burney in a letter to her father, dated 11 June: "Mass has always been performed for the Catholics of the place at a Mrs. Arundell's in the Close."¹

The Hon. James Everard Arundell was the younger brother of Thomas and although his wife, according to Mr. Peniston, was a Protestant, her brother Philip Wyndham not only became a Catholic but entered the priesthood; he was ordained at Rome in 1756 and died at Arundel Castle in 1825.²

Sir John Webb of Odstock—of staunchly royalist and Jacobite stock³—sold that property in 1790 to the Earl of Radnor and died in 1797 without male heirs. The Webbs had been great benefactors to the Church and on Sir John's death "the subsequent loss of many salaries for priests"⁴ was lamented.

The two French priests, Frs. Marest and Bégin are mentioned in the biographical section of Dr. Oliver's *Collections* (pp. 354 and 241 respectively), whence we learn that the former was for many years attached to Lord Arundell's beautiful chapel at Wardour while the latter remained in Salisbury until his death in 1826 when the *Salisbury Journal* printed the following appreciation of him:

On Thursday, 16th of March, died the Rev. Nicholas Bégin who was upwards of thirty years pastor of the Catholic congregation of this city. His unaffected piety, goodness of heart, and cheerful disposition, procured him the esteem of many valuable friends while living, and his loss will be sincerely lamented, not only by his friends but by many of the poor, to whom he was a liberal benefactor.

¹ *Diary of Fanny Burney* (Everyman's edition), p. 57. Further information as to the locations of the Salisbury chapels, and a number of corrections to the section on Salisbury Catholicism in vol. III of the *Victoria County History* of Wiltshire will be found in the forthcoming *Victoria History* volume devoted to the city of Salisbury.

² *Catholic Record Society*, VIII (1910), p. 440.

³ Cf. Oliver, *op. cit.*, pp. 52-3, and my article "Catholicism and Jacobitism: Some Wiltshire Evidence" (*Dublin Review*, Autumn 1960).

⁴ B. Ward, *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* (1909), II, p. 205.

PAPAL PLANNING

Thoughts on 'Mater et Magistra'

POPE JOHN XXIII's social encyclical, *Mater et Magistra*, is a betrothal between the community of justice and the community of charity. The first is all we mean by the welfare state, the duty of impersonal society. The second is all we mean by Christian love, the generosity of those whose giving is their being. Here is a co-ordination of mind and heart, of principle and choice, of two methods of giving. The wrangles of the past fifteen years, between Catholics, about the virtues and vices of welfare statism can call a truce. All is reconciled in a partnership giving a warmer heart to the welfare state and a clearer mind to the voluntary giver. The partnership is tripartite—between the person (who, without freedom to withhold, has no freedom to give and thus to love); the voluntary co-operative organisation (that amalgam of persons freely pooling resources to do jointly the things no man can do alone, helping each other to help themselves); and the state (which, without stealing the functions of persons and small bodies, regulates, feeds, preserves a balance, supplies, and acts as a mobile reserve—always paternal, never paternalistic). The perennial problem of balancing a man's rights against his neighbours', his duty to himself and his duty to others, his God-ordained love of possession and his Christ-inspired longing to sacrifice himself—all this is to be resolved in the interaction of co-operatives wherein the more a man gives to the community the more he increases his personal proprietorship.

This encyclical of the middle way is the work of a Pope born of farming stock, and one of his most interesting suggestions is that which envisages co-operatives composed of both artisans and agricultural workers. It would seem to imply the importance of bringing town and country physically closer together and of creating well-balanced communities blending the efficiency of the industrial world with the tranquillity, wisdom and sound family life of those who live with the smell of hay in their nostrils. (The reasons why townsfolk enjoy "The Archers" are not all silly.)

The reconciliation of town and country would be a natural development of a great centripetal movement in which Pope John has been active ever since his accession to the See of Peter. The human race, these latter years, has been turning in upon its centre, beginning to heal the artificial divisions imposed by Reformation and post-Renaissance thinking. The process is speeded by the nations' realisation

of their need for interdependence if the hungry half of the world is to be fed. Migration brings a sense of the cohesion which nature demands of the whole human family. We are told that science and the humanities are entering into a new dialogue, hinging on a reconciliation between the social and the personal tragedy. Into all this came Pope John's great missionary encyclical, *Princeps Pastorum*, in which he called for the relaxing of artificial national barriers which prevent rich nations from helping poor nations, and foreign missionaries from identifying themselves with baptised indigenous cultures. Arthur Koestler tell us that Europe, now groping towards new forms of unification, has uniquely accepted a synthesis between "the poetry of St. John of the Cross and the Jesuit astronomers' search for order and harmony in the universe." Into this fascinating process, Pope John's dream for town and country enters naturally.

But for all that, the most important blending process of all is still far from realisation. The Church still has a long way to go in getting her children to integrate their spirituality with their practical living. In her external organisation, she has not entered determinedly enough into those temporal spheres which are also part of Christ's Kingdom. I do not, of course, refer to spheres of political influence. A short time ago at Louvain, the missiological conference brought us Fr. Masson's sharp reminder that the non-Christian sects are beating us because of their appeal to man's nature as well as to his super-nature. In this they frequently err. But there are senses in which they are absolutely right. We have put all our eggs, so very often, into one basket—that of education. It is a vitally important basket. But it is wrong to leave it to the struggling, "suspect" few to make the Church's life interpenetrate with those aspects of social living which have the most powerful impact on the individual's day to day experience. If, in British Guiana, the Church had built farming co-operatives as well as schools, there would be no danger to those schools today. For the people would be associating Christ, revealed in His active members, with the things men most easily feel to be essential to their existence. It is not a question of bribing people into the love of God with bread and circuses. It is simply that man is a composite, and even St. Vincent de Paul pointed out that any one of us hears a sermon better on a full stomach.

But, if one is to reconcile the material world with eternity and understand the true meaning of its restoration, together with the things of the spirit, in Christ upon the cross, a relation has to be built between the life of contemplation and the life of work. If the natural community of work is to be sacramentalised in the Mass (to draw on a concept of Fr. McCabe, O.P.), and thus elevated to its proper function in the Mystical Body, the individual Catholic worker must

learn to think in terms of the life of personal prayer. One of the chief historical reasons why this is especially difficult for him today is that he no longer lives, as a rule, in a physical, economic and social relationship with the monastic house, which presents to the world so uniquely the living interplay of prayer and work. The position is even more difficult in a predominantly industrial country, where most workers are in the towns and most monasteries are in the country. This is certainly true of Britain.

Somehow a lifeline must be thrown to industry from our monastic houses, and an idea about this suggested itself early last year when there were news reports about the difficulty of obtaining monastic vocations in a number of European countries.

This did not apply to the strictly contemplative communities. Plenty of aspirants continued to flock there. The difficulty arose in regard to those monastic foundations, once the "welfare state" of medieval Europe, once the initiators of the earliest industrial revolutions, but which today are contemplative without being wholly enclosed, yet do not perform functions bearing directly on the outside world (apart, in certain instances, from the abbey school). Vital though these communities still are in the framework of the Mystical Body, one wonders whether there is nevertheless a new role awaiting them in history. Would they not be excellent centres for the Catholic psychiatric units desperately needed in this neurotic age, for organising urban-rural co-operatives, for co-ordinating similar ventures in the parishes, for developing estates which would in effect be Christocentric "new towns" on a small scale? Could more monastic houses be brought nearer to existing towns and cities to act as centres of spiritual direction for the vast numbers of specially troubled souls who cannot be given the necessary attention by parish priests overwhelmed with administrative as well as pastoral cares? In this generation, when not only the morals but the very foundations of the faith of young people are constantly under the heaviest intellectual fire and corroded by a climate of fashionable agnosticism, penitents need, not minutes, but sometimes hours of personal treatment.

If town and country, parish and monastery, the contemplative life and direct social action, the Divine Office and the building of houses for young couples anxious to have large families, could all be brought into a relationship dominated by the principles of *Mater et Magistra*, Sir Julian Huxley would no longer have even the excuse for describing religions as "outdated living fossils struggling to survive in a new and alien environment."

HUGH KAY

REVIEWS

TWO ORATORIAN

Newman the Theologian, by J. H. Walgrave, O.P. Translated by A. V. Littledale (Geoffrey Chapman 35s).

Father Faber, by Ronald Chapman (Burns and Oates 35s).

THE SUB-TITLE to Fr. Walgrave's book (admirably translated) is *The Nature of Belief and Doctrine as exemplified in his Life and Works*. We are often told that a work of art should be judged exclusively on its own merits without any knowledge of the artist. This, in the case of Newman, is entirely impossible, and this is one great virtue of the book. Fr. Walgrave follows Newman's personality and its development without stressing or sometimes even mentioning events which, at the time, bulked large and entered into him, like the failure to create an Oratory at Oxford, a Catholic university in Ireland, to translate the Scriptures. We can see now how often he was quite, or almost, unaware of the world he was living in (e.g. the way in which Italians thought, if at all, about the English); of what would be possible, e.g. in Ireland; of what English "Old Catholics" would be able to assimilate, or ought to. But what Newman did live in was a coming world, into which he was arriving, and he arrived bringing with him a consciousness of Self and God; that, really, was all. Possibly, those who now recall Newman do so as the author of the *Apologia*: is it a paradox to say how glad I am that Fr. Walgrave sees that this statement was as "occasional" as any of his other writings: he said he had never written anything "unless urgently compelled by circumstances." Kingsley kicked him into the *Apologia* (which, when I read it hardly out of boyhood, I found a dreadfully dull account of quarrelsome clerics, like no one I knew, concerned with topics about which neither I nor my home or surroundings were in the least concerned). Other pressures made him write; and so Fr. Walgrave is absolutely right in seeking Newman's thought not only in one book—not even in the two great Essays—but in the whole complex of what this intensively sensitive man felt that he must say. Fr. Walgrave then saw that the key to the whole matter is the topic of "development." And why in fact does one reach "assent," and then, "certainty." So he had to scrutinise all that Newman had written and create a synthesis. This would be of immense value to the Church and her theologians who now have to explain how Christian thought grew the very day after Pentecost. We do not know of anyone who, in England, has even attempted to do this with Fr. Walgrave's profundity, and we long for the publication of all that Fr. H. Tristram had in his possession.

To read Fr. Faber's "Life" is at first like stepping from a cobweb

whose filigree turns out to be made of steely wire into a Turkish bath where after all you find that not only you have a skeleton but that your masseur has an informed and inexorable mind. Just as it would be unfair to assess Newman's gift to England, and the world, by the *Apologia* or indeed *Gerontius*, so one should not judge Faber by his hymns or even his spiritual writings. Tastes differ; and "exuberance"—a word constantly recurring in this book—is not to the liking of modern readers: indeed, we are told that Faber, in youth at any rate, "fascinated" everyone; but we get the impression of an ever hurrying, even hustling, man; restlessness is not the same as not wasting time. Mr. Chapman rightly says that Faber's enduring monument is the London Oratory. Yet Faber lived not only not in our world but not in his own. It amazes me to find that Newman himself, at first, liked "*Lives of Saints*" filled with perfectly uncriticised legends and devoid of any psychological insight: no wonder that Faber was half amused, half "moved," by noticing that the Pisa campanile "*leaned towards Rome*"; but then, it would not have been "lost on" Newman, living at Maryvale, that St. Philip's oratory in Rome was at Sta. Maria in Vallicella. But, as Fr. Walgrave carefully warns us of the possible misinterpretation and even dangers of Newman's philosophy, so does Mr. Chapman make clear Faber's tremendous practical "drive" hidden, perhaps, by his luscious style and his constant dwelling on the details of his lifelong illnesses. We wish that Mr. Chapman could have given less space to the "quarrel" between Newman and Faber about the Oratory which shows each man at his least attractive, and he has not made it clear to us, at any rate, why he regards W. Ward's *Life of Newman* as so misleading. It may be helpful to recall there was a markedly feminine streak in both men, and that while Newman *could* have been "cruel" Mr. Chapman reminds us that Faber sometimes was.

C. C. MARTINDALE

THE CHURCH SCHOOLS QUESTION

The Religious Issue in the Schools of England and Wales, 1902-1914, by Benjamin Sacks (University of New Mexico Press \$5.00).

THIS is a first-rate study, objective and impartial and excellently balanced, of the interplay of vested interests and group-opinion in the "Church Schools" question in England from the passing of the Balfour Act till the onset of World War I. It rests not only on published material available at the time and since (which the author used in United States libraries), but also on the archive material of the religious and secular bodies concerned (for which he spent over a year in this country). And it is a book that the general reader will find no less absorbing than the student of the period, albeit written primarily for the latter.

During the whole time, especially in the public discussion of the Balfour Bill, and of the Birrell and McKenna Bills which later sought to eliminate the Voluntary Schools by the device of transfer and agreed syllabuses, the unanimity of the Catholics is shown by Dr. Sacks to have been less solid, and the internal divisions among the Non-conformists and the Anglicans substantially greater, than has been supposed. But most surprising of all is the amount of attention given by all parties, in that battle of half a century ago, to what the situation was in foreign countries. The facts of overseas example were made known, as between the full State support for confessional schools in Holland and the total lack of it in the U.S.A. and elsewhere; and intensely resourceful arguments explaining them (or as often explaining them away) were bandied about in the English pamphlet forays of the decade. The book is thus, incidentally, a comparative study of the Church-State question in education, during a self-contained period, much profounder and wider than I have seen anywhere else: for we have the United States, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Scotland, Ireland, Italy and Switzerland. The final chapter might well have included a drawing together of the basic philosophical principles that divided the two sides in the dispute; but the work is none the less a model of what such field-studies should be.

A. C. F. BEALES

THE GREAT NAME OF CHRISTIAN

Early Christian Prayers, edited by Adalbert Hamman, O.F.M. Translated by Walter Mitchell (Longmans 35s).

STRANGE AND BEAUTIFUL THINGS are drawn out of the past. Long before Hengest and Horsa came into Kent, a widow living when Christianity was young prayed, "Let me be your servant, since you let me bear the great name of Christian. If you freed me from slavery, it was to give me the chance of serving the God of Might for ever." Fr. Hamman's book, thesaurus or anthology, so ably translated by Mr. Walter Mitchell, is very welcome as a worthy addition to the company of *The Making of Europe*, Lewis and Reinhold's *Roman Civilization*, Daniel-Rops's *The Church of Apostles and Martyrs*, and the *Atlas of the Early Christian World* published by Nelson; powerful aids in making real for the interested Catholic the life and thought of our religious ancestors. The communion of saints becomes closer as we listen through the time-stethoscope, as it were, to the strong heart-beats of the new life.

The comprehensive plan has been brilliantly executed. The book opens with the Lord's Prayer, given to the disciples at their own request, followed by the other prayers in the New Testament. Then

we move to the prayers composed in the post-apostolic period by Clement of Rome, Ignatius of Antioch, Irenaeus of Lyons, Origen and others; by the Martyrs; to prayers from papyri and potsherds, and others cut in stone. There is a profusion of extracts from the earliest collections of liturgical material—in that theocentric society they improvised a prayer for every occasion. The third part contains prayers composed by the Greek, Syrian and Coptic, and Latin Fathers; and the fourth part deals with early treatises on prayer. The editor's brief introductions and the footnotes (at the foot of the pages and not stowed away at the back) are in effect a commentary on the text; and the whole is completed by references and critical notes, a chronological table, and three indexes.

We see the calm faces of the men and women, bearers of the great name of Christian, who are portrayed in the precious museum-pieces or carved on sarcophagi, and can join them here in their prayers and hymns. They recoiled in horror from the cruelty and animality around them. "You have withdrawn us from the society of the wicked: enable us, then, to join with those who are dedicated to you; grant that the continual visitation of your Holy Spirit may ground us firmly in the truth; make good our deficiencies, consolidate what we have acquired." All was to be holy unto the Lord. "From among your treasures you brought out the light and to mitigate its effect produced the darkness, whereby the living things that move on the earth might have rest. The sun you placed in the sky to regulate the daylight and the moon to preside over the darkness; the dancing stars you put there to praise your magnificence. You made water for us to drink and wash with and the moving air for us to breathe in and out. And the air was to give out a sound when the tongue struck it and to help the ear to grasp the words that came to it."

They prayed with startling directness and precision. The Euchologium of Serapion, discovered on Mount Athos, contains the petition, "Hold out your hand to us, Lord, and set us on our feet. Yes, merciful God, pull us to our feet, make us look upward, open our eyes, give us courage." Origen, too, considered his feet. "Jesus, my feet are dirty. Come and slave for me; pour your water into your basin and come and wash my feet. I am overbold, I know, in asking this, but I dread what you threatened when you said: 'If I do not wash your feet, it means, you have no companionship with me'."

From the monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai comes the beautiful prayer before a journey: "O God, our own God, true and living Way: as you went with your servant Joseph on his travels, so, Master, guide this your servant on his present journey. Protect him against trying circumstances, bad weather and every stratagem that may be directed against his welfare. Give him peace and strength;

grant him the prudence he needs if he is to act as he ought in accordance with thy commandments." So far, so good. But the old Adam creeps in at the end: "Bring him home rich in the goods of this world and in heaven's blessings." ("O Lord, Thou knowest that I have lately purchased an estate in fee simple in Essex . . .") Compare this petition with the prayer from the Leonine Sacramentary for the harvest fast: "For it is your will that our thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth now gathered in should take the form of fasting. From this devotion we are to learn that these gifts were given us not to feed on to excess but to supply the wants of our frail bodies; and a sparing use of them will leave something to feed the needy."

Sometimes a prayer was directed downwards, as in this liturgical fragment: "Be off, Satan, from this door and from these four walls. This is no place for you; there is nothing for you to do here. This is the place for Peter and Paul and the holy gospel; and this is where I mean to sleep, now that my worship is done, in the name of the Father and of the Holy Spirit." *Facilis descensus Averno*. The question of what attitude accompanied these words must rank with what the Sirens sang, but the attitude would not have been the extended arms and uplifted face of the *orans*, nor the joined hands and bended knees of liege to liege-lord.

Fr. Hamman, who carries his learning with charm, shows us that "the striking points about Syriac prayers and hymns are their length, their grandiloquent style, and the absence of a rigorous plan beneath the construction, and the fact that the link between one member and the next is verbal rather than logical. Whereas the Latin temperament tends towards reserve in prayer, the Syrian tends to let itself go." The Latin reserve and strength are shown in an early Preface:

No outward disturbance will daunt us if our intentions are pure.
No enemy will rob us of resilience if we have peace of heart.
No one can do us more harm than we can do to ourselves; and as soon as we master ourselves, everything else loses its power to hurt us.

The logical linking can be seen in the inscription by Pectorius of Autun (beginning of third century):

Ichthus-born, divine children of a heavenly father,
drink with heart-felt reverence God's waters,
the source of immortality to mortals.
Fortify your soul, friend, with the ever-flowing waters
of wisdom, the enriching.
Take the honey-sweet food he offers
who saves the saints;

eat as a hungry man eats
of the Ichthus you hold in your hands.
Feed us then, Lord; Saviour, feed us, I pray,
with the Ichthus.

A footnote tells us that the allusion to holding the Ichthus refers to the old way of communicating, "The consecrated bread was received in the palm of the right hand, which was held over the left in the form of a cross, and the faithful communicated themselves."

A few of the fruits in this cornucopia have been savoured; hundreds more remain. Charles Lamb once remarked that books thought for him; and although it is not suggested that readers should use *Early Christian Prayers* to pray for them, it contains enough spiritual pabulum to ward off accidie for a lifetime. Why should we not grow closer and closer to our religious ancestors in unity of prayers?

The book is well printed and bound, and the only misprint I have noticed is that in the index Pope Calixtus becomes Calixhus. Incidentally, the eight distichs, attributed to Leo the Great, which are on the architrave of the ancient baptistery of the Lateran, are described erroneously in the reference as being on the architrave of the basilica.

THOMAS RAWORTH

MEDICAL ETHICS

The Ethics of Medical Practice, by John Marshall, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Ed.), M.R.C.P. (Lond.), D.P.M. (Darton, Longman and Todd 21s).

DR. MARSHALL must be congratulated on providing the English Catholic doctor with a concise source of information to which he may readily turn to discover a well-reasoned answer to most of the questions of medical ethics which may, indeed will, come his way.

I say "the English doctor" advisedly because the whole atmosphere of the book is of English medical practice as it is both in and out of the National Health Service.

As one would expect from someone of Dr. Marshall's eminence and qualifications, the text is medically impeccable, saving, perhaps, one suggestion that, in the case of threatened abortion, where the foetus is deemed to be alive, "attempts are made to arrest the haemorrhage by tampons until the condition subsides or the foetus can no longer be alive."

It is suggested that the use of tampons could do nothing but further disturb the pregnancy and subject the patient to the risk of infection. Morally one would, of course, be permitted to pack the cervix to dam back a catastrophic haemorrhage while recognising that the foetus may die as a secondary but unintended effect of this action, but one might well ask how far one can go in assuming that, when haemorrhage is

massive enough to warrant blood transfusion, the foetus must already have perished.

In the case of the parents who, through a sincere but mistaken conscience, forbid transfusion of their child in danger of death from the presence of Rhesus antibodies in the blood, I doubt if all moralists would agree that the doctor "should" seek the aid of a Magistrates Court which has the power to take over the responsibility of the child. This procedure is still somewhat problematical and the use of the word "may" would have been a happier choice.

The principles governing the morality of "material co-operation" in an unlawful act are well discussed, but perhaps the conclusions reached with regard to the anaesthetist are a little too facile. The fact that an anaesthetist may well not lose his appointment under the National Health Service, and thus his livelihood, may not remove every grave reason for proximate material co-operation in an unlawful operation; on the other hand, circumstances may dictate withholding this even with the prospect of financial loss.

With regard to the removal of a uterus which contains the scar of a previous Caesarean section, Dr. Marshall rightly states that there are theologians who hold the view that this scar constitutes a pathology adequate to justify hysterectomy in itself, and not only with regard to the danger it would produce were a further pregnancy to supervene. While such views are held by reputable theologians the doctor may act on them provided, as Dr. Marshall says, "he is certain he is not performing the operation as a direct contraceptive measure." By what medical criteria or by what principle of reasoning this view is held has always defeated me; yet I find no fault with Dr. Marshall for quoting it.

But these are small matters when compared with the book as a whole; for as a whole it is outstandingly good. The author has the most happy ability to express a very precise meaning with the minimum of words, and readers coming fresh to the subject could ask for nothing better, for in less than 160 pages the whole field of Medical Ethics is covered, and covered very fully.

And apart from the consideration of specific problems, Dr. Marshall has included chapters or paragraphs on the general obligations of doctors, the ethics of surgical practice and on homosexuality which are quite first-class.

One thing only—he does seem to stretch the morality of the "mental reservation" a bit too far. But for this dubious expedient I have no need when I say: "This is a good book, and every Catholic doctor should buy it."

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

MAURIAC'S FIRST NOVEL

Young Man in Chains, by François Mauriac. Translated by Gerard Hopkins (Eyre and Spottiswoode 155).

WITH *Young Man in Chains* Eyre and Spottiswoode carry their collected edition of François Mauriac's novels in English to completion. This is not however a case of the best wine being kept to the last, for the *Enfant chargé de chaînes* is very much a vintage Mauriac, but the sort of vintage that has to be drunk young, and which in any case does not travel very well across the Channel. In this, M. Mauriac's very first novel, the English reader will find little, in a hundred or so pages of short, episodic chapters to indicate that the author would one day come to be recognised as the greatest of living French novelists. It has, nevertheless, interest for the light it sheds upon the education of the young Mauriac.

M. Mauriac has frequently insisted upon the influence of the spiritual experiences of his adolescence and student years upon the works of his maturity. Recently in his *Mémoires Intérieurs*, for example, he says: "All that I write today had its beginnings fifty years ago in that little club room of the Bordeaux *sillon*, near the Madeleine." The activities of this "Bordeaux *sillon*," a group of young religious enthusiasts engaged upon a social apostolate in the early years of the century, provide the background of this first novel. A newcomer to their ranks is Jean-Paul Johanet, a young intellectual who tries to put his social theory into practice by befriending in a self-conscious and rather patronising way a working-class youth named Georges Elie. This experiment fails and the novel ends desultorily when the hero, having experimented with "pleasure," having made a Jesuit retreat, having obtained a glimmering insight into the frightful chaos of his personality, finally turns a condescending attention to the girl who has stood by him faithfully through these trials and whom he knows he is destined to marry. Johanet describes himself as an "amateur of souls" and we are to take this in the sense that the heroes of Van der Meersch or Gilbert Cesbron are "amateurs": on the other hand, he is unable to give himself to his apostolate because he is a prisoner, as he says, of his own mediocrity. The chains that weigh down this young man are those of inheritance and upbringing (a problem which M. Mauriac has so often written of since) or more precisely, of a precocious intellectual formation, and eventually, of a prolonged adolescence.

There is already here something of M. Mauriac's finesse, of that humility before the creatures of his imagination, of that ability to create atmosphere we have admired in his later works. At the same time we also have some of the weaknesses he has never quite got rid of. One notes for example that awkward technique of the flash-

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forward into the future which occurs frequently in later works, and that intrusion of the author which Sartre was later to attack bitterly when he spoke of M. Mauriac's "forging the essence of his characters." Both of these faults are illustrated remarkably in the concluding chapter of *Young Man in Chains*:

"At the same hour, you, Marthe, were sitting on your bed in a large country room. . . . And on the mantelpiece, in the light of the lamp, you had left Jean-Paul's letters. Their tender, passionate words had awakened in you the happiness for which you had ceased to hope but which was now to be renewed at every moment of your life. . . . But you, Marthe, smile bravely at all the possible betrayals that lie ahead, absolving them in advance. Your scrupulous love foresees, as its future revenge, redoubled tenderness and the quiet peace of unspoken pardons."

There is nothing much in the book: it completes a series and it is a fairly interesting museum piece.

JOHN MCCLUSKEY

REFLECTIONS OF A RELIGIOUS EXAMINER

Telling the Good News, by Francis H. Drinkwater (Macmillan and Burns and Oates 22s).

THIS BOOK is compiled from articles published between 1952 and 1958, very many of them in the publication for which the author was long responsible, *The Sower*. Canon Drinkwater has given a lifetime to the service of religious education; he must have been a very helpful examiner of religious instruction to judge by this work, and no doubt he will be helpful to many more through this book. There are articles on many questions which cause concern to Catholic teachers—how to explain mortal sin to the young—how children should be taught to think of their consciences—how to see the "leakage" problem in due proportion—how to produce nativity plays with spiritual profit.

He is most exercised on the question of the use of the catechism in schools. This is indeed a vexed question. Catholic teachers hold different views on the value of this book in learning the faith. Canon Drinkwater's views are not extreme, but they come from long reflection and experience and will help many to a clearer view of what to expect from its use.

It is surely not wrong to begin with a historical view of the catechism. The various national catechisms now in use are adapted from the Catechism of the Council of Trent. When catechisms first appeared they were intended as guides for parish priests in the work of instructing their congregations. They were, consequently, meant to

be accurate rather than inspiring; they were written in careful abstract language. In this they were certainly not meant as a model of presentation for preachers or teachers, who need to translate them into picture language. Now although in later years catechisms have been adapted for use in the education of the young, they retain the same limitations, which must be recognised by those who would use the catechism in spreading the faith. Canon Drinkwater urges the use of the catechism as "roofing"; he would have the pupil introduced to the accurate but abstract and dry definition last of all, after the truth has been introduced by means more suited to help the understanding and to attract to the truth. On these more suitable means, he has many suggestions which will be found helpful, especially in the junior school.

R. WOODHALL

SHORTER NOTICES

Evolution and Christians, by Philip G. Fothergill, F.R.S.E. (Longmans 42s).

THIS is a full-scale and well-documented account, by a Catholic professional biologist, of the nature of evolutionary theory and of its relation with Catholic theology.

After introductory chapters dealing with scientific method in general and with the history of the development of the theory of evolution, there come a series of masterly chapters dealing with the scientific evidence and with the current state of the theory. Never again, let us hope, will Catholic anti-evolutionists be able to take refuge in the comfortable delusion that books on evolution are mostly written by militant agnostics, and can therefore be safely ignored by the faithful.

The account of modern evolutionary theory is extremely well done, and could serve as an introductory text to an Honours course in the subject. Non-scientific readers would doubtless have been helped by the provision of an extensive glossary of terms. But a modern reader who finds too much of it too difficult to follow should beat his breast and bemoan his lack of education.

The concluding third is an attempt to see the tenets of faith in terms not inconsistent with scientific knowledge, and vice-versa. Inevitably this is the least satisfying section, if only because the author is not a trained philosopher or theologian. But this is a field in which serious and sympathetic study has only just begun on anything like the scale required: even in 1961 Dr. Fothergill is still something of a pioneer, and all the more deserving of praise because of it.

Green Memory, by L. A. G. Strong (Methuen 30s).

THE TITLE, the frontispiece, the format of this book are admirable, but those who have admired the short stories and the novels of the author will be disappointed with this posthumous autobiography. The annual youthful holidays in Ireland at Glenageary and Sorrento Terrace, Dalkey, live with the vitality of the characters in *The English Captain*; but once the author is installed at Oxford his book becomes a tedious telling about the interesting and famous people he has met. His long friendship with W. B. Yeats is graphically and appreciatively described, and we are given interesting glimpses of A. E., Ralph Hodgson and the Reginald McKennas; but the long accounts of L. A. G. Strong's reactions to Summer Fields School as master and his tales of posesses of peculiar friends at Oxford are of little interest, and the book risks being dull because its good things are few and far between. When L. A. G. Strong writes of Fr. Walsh: "At the end of two or three pages of news and chat, he told me, in matter-of-fact words, who I was and what I had to do. What he wrote is neither here nor there. I mention it only to pay tribute to a priest whose care was not restricted to his own flock, but who gave freely to the heretic, and whose creative discernment helped the said heretic to grope his way towards an understanding of the difference between things temporal and eternal"; one cannot but wish that he had paid more attention to this quondam swimming instructor and less to the importance of his psychic experiences and his dreams. "During my two autumn terms at Brighton," he writes nostalgically, "I kept my watch at Irish time, in those days twenty-five minutes after Greenwich, and so felt less out of touch with the beloved places. Up to Christmas all was grief, as I receded further and further from Ireland. Once the year started, we were headed for Ireland once again. The peak of the year was still the week at Sorrento, and the inhabitants of Number Eight were still the best and dearest in the world." Small wonder that this writer became the favourite novelist of many English people, and that his wife remarked when told of his dream of his grandmother's floodlit garden: "I should have thought that you, of all people, kept the light on in the garden of your childhood." That was the secret of his strength as a storyteller.

Irrational Man, by William Barrett (Heinemann 21s).

THIS BOOK reads extraordinarily well: a certain number of colloquialisms or Americanisms may disturb the purist, but in general the clarity of the author's style and the interest of his narrative carry one smoothly from beginning to end. There are not many philosophical works of which this can be said. This is the sort of book

which you might read as you would a novel, and to anyone interested in the history of thought it will be as enthralling as any novel.

To some this may appear a condemnation, an implication of superficiality. Let it then be at once stated that this is the best general introduction to, and statement of, the main theme of that line of thought commonly called existential that the present reviewer has come across. Of course it is only a general introduction: the author himself claims no more. Technicalities are not avoided, but are kept to the minimum and simplified as much as the subject-matter allows. But how refreshing to find a writer on this topic who is aware of the scholastic accounts of essence and existence, and who has read and admired Gilson's *Being and some Philosophers*. Not, of course, that Professor Gilson or any Thomist would agree with all that is said.

One could, in fact, take issue with several of the author's comments and conclusions. There is the tendency, not uncommon in works on this subject, to lump together as irrational not only the subrational but also what properly belongs to the intellectual part of man. The full grasp or approach to Being cannot be accounted for in terms of mere conceptual analysis, or by the "reason" of the Enlightenment thinkers and their successors: we may agree on this, but what is required is a deeper awareness of what constitutes reason in the full sense. This the reader of the present work must obtain for himself elsewhere; this book will convince him, if he needs convincing, of the urgency of the task and its relevance to modern problems.

A Duchess of Versailles, by Margaret Trouncer (Hutchinson of London 16s).

THIS IS THE STORY of Louise de Gozat who married in 1750 that Duc de Choiseul who for many years directed the policy of France under Louis XV as his Foreign Minister. Choiseul may have had all the personal charm which Miss Trouncer claims on his behalf, but nevertheless it is difficult to believe that so dissolute and spendthrift a character could ever have been a satisfactory trustee of his country's welfare, and one is inclined to sympathise with the attitude of Louis XVI who consistently refused to employ him in any capacity whatsoever. After running through his wife's vast fortune—for she had been a great heiress—he, fortunately for himself, died shortly before the Revolution broke out, leaving his widow to grapple with the problem of his enormous debts. This, to the detriment of her health and, during the Revolution, at the risk of her life (for she refused to emigrate) she did to the best of her ability until her own death in dire poverty in 1801. The story of anyone who held the sort of position in the world that Madame de Choiseul did and who lived through a period of such catastrophic change can hardly fail to be interesting, and interesting

this particular story is, not the least absorbing part of it being the description of the rise and fall of the great house at Chanteloup in Touraine, its whole life, from the height of magnificence to complete disappearance, covering the short span of fifty years.

A Short History of the Catholic Church, by Denis Meadows (Robert Hale 18s).

IN HIS PREFACE the author states that he wrote this book for the general reader because other ecclesiastical histories do not permit him to see the wood for the trees. In this work the "ordinary layman" will find a clear, well-focused view of the wood. Events, names, dates, all seem to be here, marshalled with most admirable brevity. But it is a distant prospect of a wood in winter. There is no foliage, very little hint of life within and no one would want to explore its tracks for pleasure.

The reader will find himself quite unenlightened about the positive side of Lutheranism, the attractions of Calvinism, the vastness of St. Boniface's missionary achievement, the circumstances which produced Islam and many another such major topic. It is a history book badly devoid of "feel" for its subject-matter. The "ordinary layman" may be grateful to be able to refer to this compact summary. He will find it useful, but rarely, we think, enjoyable or illuminating.

Each His Own Tyrant, by Wingfield Hope (Sheed and Ward 8s 6d).

THIS BOOK tells the story of two people, one a woman, the other a man, one single, the other married, one a Catholic, the other an Anglican, one deprived of mother love in childhood, the other stifled by an excess, both afflicted in their adult life with problems in their personal relationships. Both tried to overcome their difficulties by prayer and resolution, but it was not until they talked about themselves to a sympathetic, understanding and non-censorious listener, that they appreciated the relevance of their childhood problems to those of adult life.

The author is neither a psychiatrist nor a psychologist, and tells the stories of these two people in a charmingly informal narrative. She conveys the aim and method of this way of helping others to a greater self-knowledge, in a subtle realistic way which is more effective than is found in many a text-book.

CORRECTION. We regret that in the October number the price of *World Without End* by Dr. R. Pilkington (Macmillan) was given as 63s instead of 12s 6d.

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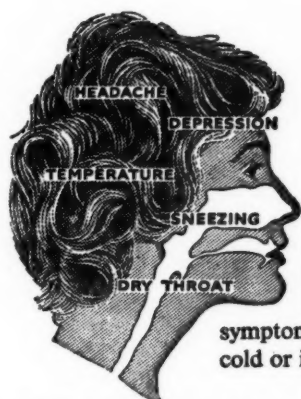
The Editor, THE MONTH
31 Farm Street, London, W.1

ONE of the great occupational risks of business life under the pressure of to-day is that the practical man of affairs neglects his outside reading, and all too easily falls into a narrow circle of immediate preoccupations. There is always loss in this, and the Catholic business or professional man, as a member of the Church Universal, has a particularly strong reason for keeping his mind open to wider horizons. Certainly it was never more necessary than now to follow world happenings. A direct chain of causes and effects ties every business to economical changes in the world, which are themselves as often the consequence as the cause of changes in men's political and social ideas. These ideas in their turn come out of the religions, or irreligions, of contemporary man.

In many countries the Catholic Church is at the heart of the battle of ideas. Cardinal Manning's saying that "all great quarrels between men are at bottom theological" suggests that there is, in fact, no better starting-point or background for understanding the modern world than a Catholic one. Because of this approach and background

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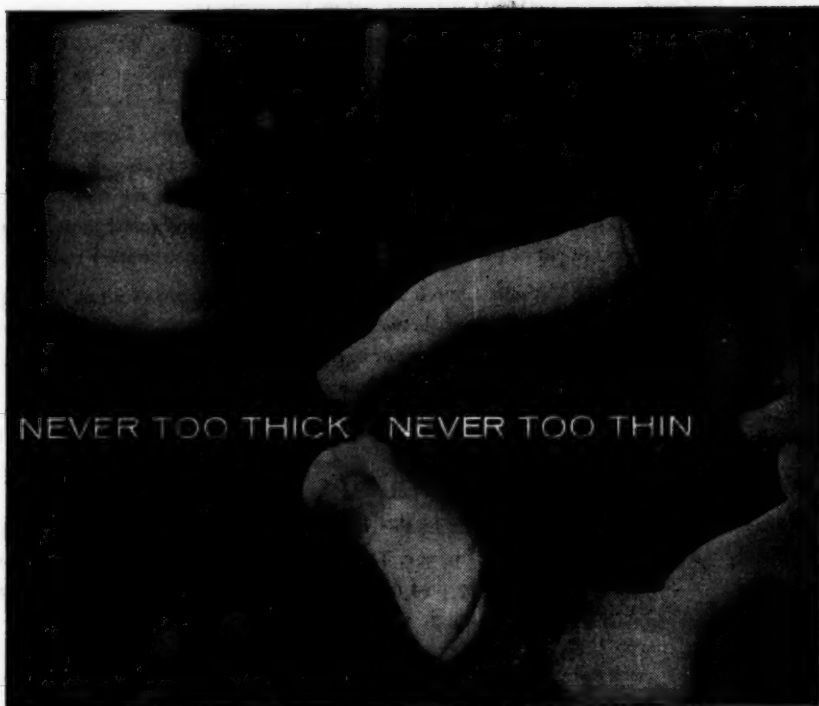
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